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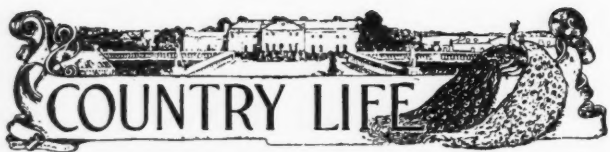
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RICHARD N. SPEAIGHT.

LADY MILBANKE AND HER SON.

178, Regent Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EARL GREY'S . . . APPOINTMENT.

LORD GREY'S appointment to succeed the Earl of Minto as Governor-General of Canada is a matter for congratulation, and also for regret. During the last decade and more, Earl Grey has been at the centre of so many interesting movements in Great Britain that his loss, even though it be only temporary, will be very much felt. On the other hand, it would be difficult to find anyone more suitable for the high office to which he has been called. Canada is above all else an agricultural country. It still possesses huge areas that are virgin to the plough, and it is most meet and fitting that the King should be represented there by one thoroughly acquainted with the practice and science of farming. Lord Grey belongs to a family of which nearly all the members have been distinguished by a love of open-air pursuits. His kinsman Sir Edward Grey is as much of an authority on fishing and ornithology as on foreign politics, and he is a very characteristic member of the family. Lord Grey himself, long before he succeeded to the title, had given the closest attention to farming. At Wark, which is one of the best agricultural holdings in the United Kingdom, he had tried the interesting experiment of working the land by means of co-operation with the labourer. It was not a success, but that was owing to no fault on the part of the landlord. He had started at a difficult moment, when the long depression was at its worst, and naturally the labourers were discouraged by the smallness or total absence of dividends. Yet the experiment was not in vain. It was work of a pioneer kind, and since then other landowners, profiting by the experience of Lord Grey, have introduced his system in a

modified form; and perhaps out of the idea will in time be developed a more satisfactory system of land cultivation than exists at the present moment. It is to such bold and original minds as his, that do not hesitate to make trial of anything that is new and promising, that we owe much of our ultimate reform and progress.

In the Public-house Trust movement Lord Grey acted very much on the same lines. He is not fanatic nor intolerant in any of his opinions, and he recognised that to force people along at a faster rate than they care to travel would only end in mischief. Instead, therefore, of taking up the ground of a strict teetotaler, he endeavoured, by his modification of the Gothenburg system, to bring the sale and consumption of drink under sensible regulation. From the Lord Grey of the Reform Bill the whole family has inherited certain democratic ideas of self-government, and to this may be traced Lord Grey's attempt to make each community the guardian of its own morals. His theory might almost be expressed in the poet's rhyme, "The common-sense of most shall hold the fretful world in awe." Whether the scheme will ultimately be successful or not makes little difference in one way. Here, again, Lord Grey is a pioneer, and, no doubt, those who follow, profiting by his experience, will improve on his methods; but the whole story of the Trusts illustrates to what a remarkable degree Lord Grey has the welfare of his fellow-countrymen at heart. And he is also perfectly well aware of the fact that man cannot live by bread alone, but has endeavoured also to minister to his spiritual wants. As an example of this, we might cite his scheme for beautifying railway embankments. He did not, like Ruskin, declaim against modern inventions and the changes necessitated by them, but here, as in everything else, tried to make the best of things. The railway companies, especially at the beginning of their career, were more desirous of utility than careful about the amenities of landscape, and certainly their early constructions were hideous in the extreme, though we are glad to admit that recently many of the companies have themselves tried to make their stations and lines fit in more appropriately with the landscape. But it was largely owing to Earl Grey's energy that so many County Associations were formed for the purpose of beautifying the railway embankments. We trust that the efforts of those engaged will not be relaxed during his absence, as much is to be done in this way. Nature, if left alone, sows her wild flowers and lichens and mosses, and with her sun and wind and frost and snow tempers and modifies the most glaring colours; but it is possible to assist and hasten this process, and the movement is one well worthy of support.

But by far the most important qualification possessed by Lord Grey for the post of Governor-General of Canada is in his own character and disposition. In the first place, he is a man to whom his tenantry and servants are utterly devoted. He inspires the feeling that his eye is not for ever on his own interests, but that, on the contrary, he is always ready to sacrifice any personal advantage when by doing so he can secure the good of others. His mind, too, has been enlarged by contact with the Empire-makers of the day. In Rhodesia he lived on the most intimate terms with Mr. Cecil Rhodes at Bulawayo, and the experience and enlarged views obtained during that stirring period will save him from any parochial view of his duties in the Far West. His previous training ought to bring him into the most complete and perfect sympathy with the Canadian agriculturists. He can talk to them in their own language, and exchange his thoughts with theirs, because he has been doing on this side of the Atlantic exactly what they are doing on the other. In him they will feel that they not only have a friend, but a friend who has a natural understanding of their requirements, and a determination to afford them all the assistance that is in his power. Combined with this personal knowledge and sympathy, he possesses the large-minded Imperial views characteristic of the family, and it may be taken as certain that if the Canadians find in him a Governor-General exactly such as they would desire, so also England will be represented by one who has been trained to look after her interests, and to regard the Empire—Mother Country and Colonies combined—as one and indivisible. Under the circumstances, then, His Majesty's Government is to be heartily congratulated on the appointment of a Governor-General who, by the traditions of the family to which he belongs, his own personal integrity and fastidious sense of honour, his personal character, and his wide experience, gives every promise of adding lustre to a post which has been occupied so worthily before.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Milbanke and her little son. Lady Milbanke is the daughter of Colonel the Hon. Charles Frederick Crichton of the Irish Guards, and was married in 1900 to Sir John Peniston Milbanke of Earham House, Chichester, Sussex.



AT the famous Delhi Durbar, held on January 1st of last year, a message was read from the King in which he expressed a hope that "My beloved son, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess of Wales, may before long be able to make themselves personally acquainted with India, a country which I have always desired that they should see, and which they are equally anxious to visit." The arrangements for the tour thus indicated have now been partially made, and if all goes well the Prince and Princess of Wales will start in October of next year. The journey will recall that made by the present King in 1865, when he was Prince of Wales, and we trust that it will have effects equally beneficial in strengthening the ties between Great Britain and "the brightest jewel in her crown."

Germany is pleasingly excited at the present moment by the announcement that the Crown Prince Frederick William has become engaged to Her Highness the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. It is said that the engagement actually took place a year and a-half ago, but the Emperor did not wish to make it public before allowing the young couple time and opportunity to be sure of one another. Besides, they are very young, the Crown Prince being only in his twenty-third year, and the Duchess Cecilia in her eighteenth. She is said to be in every way fitted for her high destiny, being pretty, highly accomplished, a good housewife, and devoted to country pursuits and pastimes. As far as the alliance has a political bearing, it is calculated to establish the tie of relationship between the Royal house of Prussia and that of Denmark. As the mother of the Duchess was the Grand Duchess Anastasia, it also brings together the Courts of Russia and Germany. The German people, who pay less attention to these matters than do the men of light and leading, are, however, well satisfied that their future Emperor should have chosen a helpmeet from his own people, and not gone to any foreign country in search of an alliance.

Whatever may be the final outcome of the Russo-Japanese War, it has added two stirring events to military history. The siege of Port Arthur must take its place as one of the most important sieges of modern times. After making all due allowance for the almost impregnable character of the defences, the stubborn bravery of the defenders is beyond all praise. So, too, are the energy, high spirit, and reckless bravery of the assailants, who were not content to sit down and starve the garrison out, but, with an enterprise that contrasts brilliantly with the comparative lethargy of the Boers before Ladysmith, have assaulted again and again, with bayonet no less than with cannon. No doubt the end is inevitable; but, all the same, the defence of Port Arthur must have retarded the movements and complicated the plans of the Japanese commanders. No proper estimate can yet be made of the cost that has been incurred by either side in blood or material; but it must have been enormous.

The other conspicuous event is the terrible battle of Liau-Yang. It began practically on August 23rd, when the Russians held a chain of advanced positions to the south of the town, which is one of about 60,000 inhabitants. On that day the Japanese First Army approached the Tang-Ho position and delivered the first attack. On the 25th, General Kuroki's left column held the high ground to the north, and at midnight carried the position with the bayonet. The Russians attempted to retake it, but after much hard fighting were driven back. Fighting went on without cessation until September 1st, the Japanese employing every device that could be learnt from modern warfare, and pursuing the attack with fierce and unrelenting energy. Europe in the meanwhile, so to speak, held its breath in suspense. It was believed in the best-informed quarters that there was little before the Russian general except a repetition of what occurred at Sedan. But Kuropatkin, though he has been found sadly lacking in initiative during the progress of the war, is evidently

a general of cool and determined character. Although outflanked by Kuroki, he managed to retreat across the river while a rear-guard at Liau-Yang held the place stubbornly and kept the Japanese in check till September 2nd. On September 3rd Kuropatkin managed to reach the branch line from Yen-Tai to the mines, and on September 4th the rear-guard burnt its stores and bridges and began to retreat. As we write, the armies are racing to Mukden, and it is impossible to foresee what the end will be. The Japanese are already entitled to claim a signal victory, but, as has been pointed out by a contemporary, they have so far missed the great prize.

The visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the United States, where he is a guest of Bishop Potter, a very well-known and very wealthy ecclesiastic, will be watched with some curiosity in this country. That the Lord Chief Justice should visit the States in a semi-official capacity presents no difficulties, because the legal profession of America is also a State profession, and the American Supreme Court is superior, in the last case, both to Congress and Senate. Its decision cannot be questioned, and it can settle the status of the Executive on definite questions being presented to it. But the American Church is not a State Church, and most Englishmen have very hazy ideas as to what its position really is. Dr. Davidson's good sense and good temper are certain to make his visit a success in any case; and, incidentally, it may lead to some better understanding of the ecclesiastical, or what the Americans call the "Sunday side," of life in the States.

AUGUST 21st, 1904.

To J. H., who died off the coast of Asia Minor whilst serving his country.

Here by the garden's sun-girt boundary,
Where tranquil quiet broods upon a pleasure fair,
And great elms spread their gracious leaves on high,
You sat—and built your castles in the air.

Since Love had poured such largesse from his store,
You sought of Fortune neither palaces nor state;
A flower-clad cot, its peace—you asked no more—
Great Joy and Love were your estate.

O loyal heart! O steadfast eyes and hand!
The garden blooms, rich harvest gilds the hill;
And you, where Lemnos fronts the Asian strand,
Lie silent, cold, immutable, and still.

And though the lilies to the larkspurs call,
And Spring bring burgeon to the waiting year;
What joy to us the Summer's thrall?
When rose-time should have seen you here.

But purblind Death set wide his bitter gate,
And blindly striking broke a golden thread:
We bend all dumbly 'neath this shattering Fate,
God called you to the Garden of the Dead.

FRANK HIRD.

With all due deference to Mr. Badger, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and the other individuals who are striving to get a Shakespeare monument erected, we must protest that the proposal is anything but a happy one. In the first place, "an archway at the east end of the Mall extension," forming "the entrance to the avenue looking to the Victoria Memorial," does not seem an extremely felicitous memorial to a great poet. In the second place, we have not that confidence, cheerily expressed by some of the newspaper correspondents, that the Government will not "spoil so grand an opportunity with an inferior design." The Government has not, as far as we know, ever distinguished itself much in matters of taste. Again, the idea of calling this the Shakespeare Archway and ornamenting it with a statue of Shakespeare and two figures to represent the tragic and the comic muse, is as banal and commonplace as could well be conceived. It would do little honour to Shakespeare, and still less to the people who perpetrated this as a monument to his genius.

The master bakers are never much at a loss for an excuse to raise the price of bread, but on this occasion they have even less than usual. According to the latest return, which happens to be before us, the price of wheat is 29s. 5d. per quarter of 480lb., that is, about 9d. more than it was last week; but that the movement is purely seasonal in its character is proved by the fact of its being 7d. less than it was at the corresponding date last year. If, on the other hand, we take the estimates of the world's harvest, they show that there is a full, if not an over-abundant, supply of wheat. The crop in the United States no doubt is bad, though experts are of opinion that the damage done to the crops has been exaggerated. In Canada the crop was a bumper one, that in Russia a full average; in Roumania and Bulgaria the quality is excellent, though there is a slight deficiency in quantity, and both Argentina and India hold a great quantity of wheat from last year's crop. In defence of their action, however, the master

bakers point out the increasing demand for new and pure white bread on the part of the poorest population in London. Only the middle and well-to-do classes know the dietary value of brown bread.

The unqualified success of the light motor trials at Hereford seems to point to the lines on which the great industry is likely to develop. Hitherto, motors have been built chiefly for those who have used them as a luxury; but, when we get down to those costing under £200 apiece, it is evident that a huge business *clientèle* is coming in, and to its demand there can practically be no end. From the trials, it can easily be seen that the makers have vastly improved the machines. To what extent the chances of breakdown have been minimised may be seen from the fact that, out of thirty-eight motors entered at the beginning of the week, no fewer than twenty-six remained in the competition at the end. Thus the public are assured against the annoyance, frequent enough in the early days of motoring, of the car proving untrustworthy and breaking down. In a little while, no doubt, it will be possible to order a car and be as sure of having a good one as is the purchaser of a bicycle. The multiplication of these cars is a great addition to the convenience and pleasure of the public.

The recent rains in England, and the rains that began earlier, that is to say, in the latter end of August, rather to the discomfort of the grouse-shooter, have brightened the prospects of anglers both in the North and South. The salmon that were waiting at the mouths have been running up the big rivers, and the small trout streams have come into good colour for fishing.

Very delightful possessions are those islands of Colonsay and Oronsay, that have passed out of the hands of the McNeils, who have held them for some two hundred years, into those of Lord Strathcona. There is always something attractive to the human fancy in the possession of an island, conveying a suggestion of kingship akin to that of Alexander Selkirk; but these islands form a peculiarly interesting and beautiful property. They are the home of many wild and unusual creatures, notably of the seals and the eider-duck. The seals are not valuable, and their shooting is generally a piece of wanton cruelty, though in some parts the crofters use their oil for sheep-dip. They are nice, friendly beasts, and the folk-lore of the Western Isles owes a deal to them. The eider-duck have their value, and we have seen some very beautiful bed-quilts made of the plumage of the eiders from Colonsay, as well as smaller articles.

The Hampstead Heath Extension Committee is much to be congratulated upon the completion of the purchase of the additional eighty acres belonging to Eton College, which will be added to the considerable open-air space in the neighbourhood of the present heath. Completion of the purchase is, perhaps, too large a phrase, for no doubt the whole of the purchase-money has not yet been handed over; and, indeed, as regards the last £4,000 or so, it has, as yet, been no more than guaranteed by certain public-spirited persons. Practically, however, the land has been acquired by the committee, and will be handed over to the London County Council in due course. The price of £40,000 for the eighty acres does not appear excessive for land in that situation, and it is very possible that the purpose for which the land was wanted by the Extension Committee may have had its influence with the authorities of Eton in naming the sum they would accept.

"Mendip's sunless caves" have been the scene of a series of visits from some eminent foreign authorities on "spelæology," as cave-hunting is now scientifically named. The head-quarters of the science is in Paris, and it is rather interesting to find that the caves of England and of Ireland have been the subject of the principal work of its principal writer, Mr. Martel. It was mainly in his honour that the recent explorations, or rather reviews, of the Mendip caves were organised. They are of vast extent, perforating two masses of limestone, lying on either side of a core of old red sandstone, forming the centre of the Mendips. Some are "swallet holes," absorbing rivers, others stalactite caverns. One, called Wookey Hole, marks the emergence, in the form of the river Axe, of two streams "swallowed" some miles away. One of these swallets is 500ft. deep. Another cave, called Swildon's Hole, is draped with wreaths and festoons of pure white stalactite. Lamb's Lair, on the northern side of the hills, is the most magnificent stalactite cavern in Great Britain; while adjoining Wookey Hole another chamber has just been found with 1,200 stalactite pendants, all of dazzling whiteness. The famous spring which gives its name to the town of Wells is believed to come through hidden caverns from the higher parts of the Mendips.

The proposal which appears to be seriously entertained by some of the railway companies to abolish all class distinctions in their trains, seems to be made primarily in the interests of the

shareholders rather than of the travelling public in general. Directors of various lines variously estimate the percentage of first-class passengers at from five to two, and under the circumstances it is only to be expected that they should favour the idea of having one class only. Of the travelling public, however, true it may be that only a very small percentage travels in any but third-class carriages, that small percentage clings rather dearly to the privilege for which it is prepared to pay, and which the threatened change, if it came into effect, would take away from it. It may be an offensive thing to say, in a democratic age, but it is a saying which has the merit of truth, that what the first-class passengers pay for is not the privilege of sitting on a blue, soft cushion rather than a red, hard one, but of travelling in cleaner and less numerous company. An analogy between the system proposed and that which prevails in America is often drawn, but the analogy is not exact if it implies the assumption that there is only one class of railway-car in America.

The catalogue of the papers relating to the Admiralty and Navy written by Samuel Pepys, and now published by the Naval Records Society, shows how very rarely a man succeeds in interesting the world in one way without being also a very capable person in another. Mr. Pepys' diary is probably the most entertaining work of the kind ever written, and that from a variety of causes, such as the writer's curiosity, his incessant activity, and his love of company, music, and the society of all classes of his day. That he was very popular, the constant countenance of the Court and courtiers of two reigns show. But his business, in all the later years of his life, was that of Secretary to the Admiralty. He was a kind of Permanent Secretary of State, and brought to the work a keenness and sharpness of intellect quite equal to his social gifts. He did his best for the Fleet, in spite of all the carelessness in high quarters, and when he died, he left it as a Navy second to none that had preceded it in England. He was a master of detail, even the cunning cypher in which he wrote his diary being part of his Admiralty training. The material for the new volume is among the papers and books (3,000 volumes) bequeathed by Pepys to the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

THE RETURN TO NATURE.

Men found their joy of youth in fields and woods—
Far from the strife which in the city broods;
They reaped rich pastures from the meadows green,
And grew to manhood with a mind serene.
But simple tastes aside, a space, were laid;
Monotonous grew the cult of hoe and spade;
And lured by whiter hands, and more of glare,
They built new cities on the landscape fair!
The dream of science, and the market's lore
Was life's achievement in the "rush and roar."
At last exhausted with the feverish pace—
Health and the struggle fighting each for place!—
Once more the fields and hedges seemed to glow
With that sweet promise of the "long ago!"
And men laid down their pens, their airs so fine,
Donned country garments, and beside the pine,
And 'neath the shade of oaks, made pleasant feast
On country dainties, from themselves released!
They reaped with hook and scythe the grain that bore
The bread they oft consumed where buildings soar;
But on the field of toil it seemed to be
Sweeter than spoils from any foreign sea.
The new return to country life we hail,
Freedom and power shall in its ranks prevail!

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

The non-perfectibility of the human race is never more painfully apparent than in the vast percentage of those on the borderland between sanity and madness. The epileptic and the feeble-minded are not only always with us, but steadily increase. The strain of maintaining these imperfect minds in a family is intolerable; yet the chances of improving their condition, if they are only kept in company with others of weak or intermittent understanding, is also perhaps inadvisable for the sufferers. So a strong and capable Commission is now appointed to deal with the question and lay its recommendations before the sense of the country. Doctors form the majority, and in no instance is the aid of the specialist more urgently needed. Surgeons have achieved miracles in the cure of the body. What everyone is anxiously asking is whether they will be so favoured in the exercise of their great profession as to be able to minister, with even a fraction of their success in other matters, to the relief also of the "mind diseased"?

Among the smaller measures passed during the recent session of Parliament, our readers will be specially interested in the Act which penalises the taking of the nests, eggs, or young of certain St. Kilda birds, to wit the forked petrel and the St. Kilda wren, two species of birds that are

rapidly becoming very rare. The worst of it is that the scarcer a bird gets, the more valuable does it become in the eyes of the collector. We disclose what there is scarcely a pretence of keeping secret when we assert that for a price the so-called naturalist may obtain specimens of the eggs, young, or adults of any birds that nest in the British Islands, the Wild Birds' Pro-

tection Acts notwithstanding. These include the bearded tit, the chough, and many other birds that private individuals are doing their utmost to protect. It is to be hoped that the Macleod, to whom the island belongs, and who has been chiefly instrumental in getting the Act drawn up, will take care that it does not remain a dead letter. For that is the real danger.

THE SEA-SPELL.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.



A. H. Robinson.

BY THE NORTH SEA.

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OLD magical writers speak of the elemental affinity which is the veiled door in each of us. Find that door, and you will be on the secret road to the soul, they say in effect. Some are children of fire, and some of air, some are of earth, and some of water. They even resolve mortal strength and weakness, our virtue and our evil, into the movement of these elements. This virtue,

it is of fire: this quality, it is of air: this frailty, it is of water. Howsoever this may be, some of us are assuredly of that ancient clan in whose blood, as an old legend has it, is the water of the sea. Many legends, many poems, many sayings tell of the Chloinn-na-Mhara, the children of the sea. I have heard them from fishermen, from inland-shepherds, from moorlanders in inland solitudes where the only visitors from the mysterious



W. Reid.

THE CALLING WAVES.

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far-off deep are the wandering sea-mews or the cloud that has climbed out of the south. Some tell of the terror of the sea, some of its mysteriousness, some of the evil and of the evil things that belong to it and are in it, some of its beauty, some of its fascination (as the Greeks of old-time told of the sirens, who were the voices and fatal music and the strange and perilous loveliness of alien waters), some of the subtle and secret spell deep-buried in the hearts of certain men and women, the Chloinn-na-Mhara, a spell that will brood there, and give no peace, but will compel the spirit to the loneliness of the wind, and the outward life to the wayward turbulence of the wave. More than two thousand years ago the great Pindar had these in mind when he wrote of that strange tribe among men "who scorn the things of home, and gaze on things that are afar off, and chase a cheating prey with hopes that shall never be fulfilled."

Elsewhere I have written much of this sea-spell, of the *Brónavara* (to Anglicise an island word), or Sorrow of the Sea, and do not wish to write here of that strange passion or sinister affinity: but of that other and happier Spell of the Sea which so many of us feel, with pleasure always, with delight often, at times with exultation, as though in our very heart were the sharp briny splash of the blue wave tossing its white crest, or

the sacred name and became king of the world, a great sighing was heard in Galias in the East and in Finias in the South, in Murias in the West and in Falias in the North: and when morn was come the women were no more awakened by the stirring of wing and the sunrise-flight of their angelic lovers. They came no more. And when Eve awoke by the side of Adam, and he looked on her, and saw the immortal mystery in the eyes of this mortal loveliness, lamentations and farewells and voices of twilight were heard in Murias by the margin of the sea, and in Galias high-set among her peaks, in the secret gardens of Falias, and where the moonlight hung like a spear above the towers of Finias upon the great plain. The children of Lilith were gone away upon the wind, as lifted dust, as dew, as shadow, as the unreturning leaf. Adam rose, and bade Eve go to the four solitudes, and bring back the four ancient secrets of the world. So Eve went to Galias, and found nothing there but a flame of fire. She lifted it and hid it in her heart. At noon she came to Finias, and found nothing there but a spear of white light. She took it and hid it in her mind. At dusk she came to Falias, and found nothing there but a star in the darkness. She hid the darkness, and the star within the darkness, in her womb. At moonrise she came to Murias, by the shores of the ocean. There



W. Reid.

FROTHED WITH WIND.

Copyright.

of the green billow falling like a tower of jade in a seething flood. But, first, I recall that old legend to which I have alluded. Perhaps some folk-lorist may recognise it as gathered out of the drift common to many shores, may trace it even to those Asian inlands where so many of our most ancient tales mysteriously arose; but I have nowhere met with it in print, nor seen nor heard allusion to it, other than in a crude fashioning on the lips of simple Gaelic folk, nor even there for years upon years. There were once four cities (the Western Gael will generally call them Galias and Falias, Finias and Murias), the greatest and most beautiful of the cities of those ancient tribes of beauty, the offspring of angels and the daughters of earth. The fair women were beautiful, but lived like flowers, and like flowers faded and were no more, for they were filled with happiness, as cups of ivory filled with sunlit dancing wine, but were soulless. Eve, that sorrowful loveliness, was not yet born. Adam was not yet lifted out of the dust of Eden. Finias was the gate of Eden to the South, Murias to the West: in the North, Falias was crowned by a great star: in the East, Galias, the city of gems, flashed like sunrise. There the deathless clan of the sky loved the children of Lilith. On the day when Adam uttered

she saw nothing but a wandering light. So she stooped, and lifted a wave of the sea and hid it in her blood. And when Eve was come again to Adam, she gave him the flame she had found in Galias, and the spear of light she had found in Finias. "In Falias," she said, "I found that which I cannot give, but the darkness I have hidden shall be your darkness, and the star shall be your star." "Tell me what you found in Murias by the sea?" asked Adam. "Nothing," answered Eve. But Adam knew that she lied. "I saw a wandering light," she said. He sighed, and believed. But Eve kept the wave of the sea hidden in her blood. So has it been that a multitude of women have been homeless as the wave, and their heritage salt as the sea: and that some among their sons and daughters have been possessed by that vain cold fire, and that inappeasable trouble, and the restlessness of water. So it is that to the end of time some shall have the salt sea in the blood, and the troubled wave in the heart, and be homeless, and wander on the starless way.

But thoughts like these, legends like these, are for the twilight hour, or for the silent people who live in isles and remote places. For most of us, for those of us who do not dwell by lonely shores and seldom behold the sea but in the quiet



W. Reid.

A WILDERNESS OF WAVES.

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seasons, it is either a delight or an oppression. Some can no more love it, or can have any well-being or composure near it, than others can be well or content where vast moors reach from skyline to skyline, or amid the green solemnities of forests, or where stillness inhabits the hollows of hills. But for those who do love it, what a joy it is! *The Sea . . .* the very words have magic. It is like the sound of a horn in the woods, like the sound of a bugle in the dusk, like the cry of wind leaping the long bastions of silence. To many of us there is no call like it, no other such clarion of gladness.

But when one speaks of the sea it is as though one should

speak of summer or winter, of spring or autumn. It has many aspects: it is not here what it is yonder, yonder it is not what it is afar off: here, even, it is not in August what it is when the March winds, those steel-blue coursers, are unleashed; the grey-green calms of January differ from the purple-grey calms of September, and November leaning in mist across the dusk of wavering horizons is other than azure-robed and cirrus-crowned May moving joyously across a glorious tossing wilderness of blue and white. The blue sea frothed with wind has ever been a salutation of joy. Æschylos sounded the note of rapture which has since echoed



R. W. Robinson.

CLIFF AND SEA.

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through poetry and romance: that "multitudinous laughter" struck a vibration which time has never dulled nor lessened. It has been an exultation above all in the literatures of the north. Scandinavian poetry is full of the salt brine; there is not a viking-saga that is not wet with the spray of surging seas. Through all the primitive tales and songs of the Gael one feels the intoxication of the blue wine of the turning wave. In the Icelandic sagas it is like a clashing of shields; it calls through the



W. Reid.

NEAR THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

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of the latest among them!

"Oceanward, the sea-horses sweep magnificently, champing and whirling white foam about their green flanks, and tossing on high their manes of sunlit rainbow-gold, dazzling-white and multitudinous far as sight can reach.

"O, champing horses of my soul, toss, toss on high your sunlit manes, your manes of rainbow-gold, dazzling-white and multitudinous, for I too rejoice, rejoice!"

And who of us will forget that great English poet of to-day, that supreme singer of—

"Sky, and shore, and cloud, and waste, and sea,"

who has written so often and so magically of the spell of the sea and of the elation of those who commit themselves to the sway and rhythm of its moving waters:

"The grey sky gleams and the grey seas glimmer,
Pale and sweet as a dream's delight,
As a dream's where darkness and light seem dimmer,
Touched by dawn or subdued by night.
The dark wind, stern and sublime and sad,
Swings the rollers to westward, clad
With lustrous shadow that lures the swimmer,
Lures and lulls him with dreams of light.

"Light, and sleep, and delight, and wonder,
Change, and rest, and a charm of cloud,
Fill the world of the skies whereunder
Heaves and quivers and pants aloud
All the world of the waters, hoary
Now, but clothed with its own live glory,
That mates the lightning and mocks the thunder
With light more living and word more proud.



W. Reid.

FLYING SCUD.

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"A dream, and more than a dream, and dimmer
At once and brighter than dreams that flee,
The moment's joy of the seaward swimmer
Abides, remembered as truth may be.
Not all the joy and not all the glory
Must fade as leaves when the woods wax hoary;
For there the downs and the sea-banks glimmer,
And here to south of them swells the sea."

What swimmer too, who loves this poet, but will recall the marvellous sea-shine line in "Thalassius":

"Dense water-walls and clear dusk waterways . . .
The deep divine dark dayshine of the sea—"

It is this exquisite miracle of transparency which gives the last secret of beauty to water. All else that we look upon is opaque: the mountain in its sundown purple or noon-azure, the meadows and fields, the gathered greenness of woods, the loveliness of massed flowers, the myriad wonder of the universal grass, even the clouds that trail their shadows upon the hills or soar so high into frozen deeps of azure that they pass shadowless like phantoms or the creatures of dreams—the beauty of all these is opaque. But the beauty of water is that it is transparent. Think if the grass, if the leaves of the tree, if the rose and the iris and the pale horns of the honeysuckle, if the great mountains built of grey steeps of granite and massed purple of shadow were thus luminous, thus transparent! Think if they, too, as the sea, could reflect the passage of saffron-sailed and rose-flusht argosies of cloud, or mirror as in the calms of ocean the multitudinous undulation of the blue sky! This divine translucency is but a part of the Sea-Spell, which holds us from childhood to old age in wonder and delight, but that part is its secret joy, its incommunicable charm.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

OCCASIONALLY it has happened that we have had to pass severe criticism upon work done by Mr. Algernon Swinburne; but the new volume of verse, *A Channel Passage, and Other Poems* (Chatto and Windus), calls for little except commendation. We have here the gatherings of some twenty years, consisting to some extent of pieces contributed by the poet to various magazines and other publications, with a few others that do not appear to have seen the light before. Probably there was a very large body of verse to choose from for this volume; and if that be so, Mr. Swinburne may be congratulated on having selected those pieces which are most characteristic of his genius. The book takes its name from the short opening poem. It begins in a quiet minor key:

"Forth from Calais, at dawn of night, when sunset summer on autumn shone,
Fared the steamer alert and loud through seas whence only the sun was gone:
Soft and sweet as the sky they smiled, and bade man welcome: a dim sweet hour
Gleamed and whispered in wind and sea, and heaven was fair as a field in flower."

But the versification increases in vividness and turmoil as a gale begins to blow, and surely there are few descriptions of a storm at sea in the English language better than the following:

"Such glory, such terror, such passion, as lighten and harrow the far fierce East,
Rang, shone, spake, shuddered around us: the night was an altar with death for priest.
The channel that sunders England from shores where never was man born free
Was clothed with the likeness and thrilled with the strength and the wrath of a tropic sea.
As a wild steed ramps in rebellion, and rears till it swerves from a backward fall,
The strong ship struggled and reared, and her deck was upright as a sheer cliff's wall.
Stern and prow plunged under, alternate: a glimpse, a recoil, a breath,
And she sprang as the life in a god made man would spring at the throat of death."

But in another mood we like him almost better. The volume includes a sequence of poems devoted to the annual arrival of spring and all that is conveyed by that fact. He calls the pieces collectively "Hawthorn Tide," and the merits of the whole may be judged from the following exquisite description of a solitary bush:

"Pale and pure as a maiden secluded in secret and cherished with fear,
One sweet glad hawthorn smiles as it shrinks under shelter, screened
By two strong brethren whose bounteous blossom outsoars it, year after year,
While earth still cleaves to the live spring's breast as a babe unweaned.
Never was amaranth fairer in fields where heroes of old found rest,
Never was asphodel sweeter: but here they endure not long
Though ever the sight that salutes them again and adores them awhile is blest,
And the heart is a hymn, and the sense is a soul, and the soul is a song."

This is followed by "To a Baby Kinswoman," quite in a different key. "The Altar of Righteousness" is more of a poem of philosophy, as may be judged from the fine opening lines:

"Light and night, whose clouds and glories change and mingle and divide,
Veil the truth whereof they witness, show the truth of things they hide,
Through the darkness and the splendour of the centuries, loud or dumb,
Shines and wanes and shines the spirit, lit with love of life to come."

In this poem the hot rebellion of youth that glowed in so much of Mr. Swinburne's earlier work has burnt itself out, and he writes with a clear, unclouded vision, finer than anything that could have been expected from the stormy beginning of his career. Passing over a number of fine poems, some of them patriotic, such as "The Centenary of the Battle of the Nile," "Trafalgar Bay," "Cromwell's Statue," and "A Word for the Navy," and some of a miscellaneous character, we come to a beautiful poem on "Northumberland," concerning which Mr. Swinburne has written so much that is excellent. We quote the first three verses:

"Between our eastward and our westward sea
The narrowing strand
Clasps close the noblest shore fame holds in fee
Even here where English birth seals all men free—
Northumberland.
"The sea-mists meet across it when the snow
Clothes moor and fell,
And bid their true-born hearts who love it glow
For joy that none less nobly born may know
What love knows well.
"The splendour and the strength of storm and fight
Sustain the song
That filled our fathers' hearts with joy to smite,
To live, to love, to lay down life that right
Might tread down wrong."

He refers to the county again in a short poem on "The Death of Colonel Benson," which is remarkable as containing an indignant characterisation of our late adversaries in the Transvaal, and of the untruthful Germans who maligned us while the war was going on.

Near it is a poem that is certain to excite a good deal of interest. It is called "Burns: An Ode." Swinburne here forces a comparison between himself, Wordsworth, and the subject of his ode. We do not think it quite the most successful of his pieces, though it contains one or two fine verses; but the general effect is somewhat spoiled by the poet trying to be too critical. Comparisons, in a famous phrase, are "odorous," and there seems to be a certain want of literary tact in the statement of such opinions as that

"Chaucer's daisy shines a star
Above his ploughshare's reach to mar";

that

"— mightier vision gave Dunbar
More strenuous wing";

and that

"Villon made music such as none
May praise or blame;
A crown of starrer flower was won
Than Burns may claim."

These, to say the least, are controvertible statements, as is the opinion to which they lead up, that it was his "thunderous laughter" that was his crowning merit. It is certainly arguable that the best of Burns is to be found in his love songs, especially "Had we never loved so kindly," and "My luv is like the red, red rose," while the imagination in "Tam o' Shanter" or in "The Jolly Beggars" has by many been held to be unsurpassed. It may be interesting to take what we think the most successful verse in Swinburne's poem, and compare it with the finest one of Wordsworth's in the same metre and a verse of Burns himself. The following, we think, contains the happiest phrasing that Mr. Swinburne has hit on:

"The daisy by his ploughshare cleft,
The lips of women loved and left,
The griefs and joys that weave the web
Of human time,
With craftsman's cunning, keen and deft,
He carved in rhyme."

The following is at least as good as anything else in Wordsworth's well-known poem:

"Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius 'glinted' forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams."

Now let us put side by side with these a few famous lines from Burns's "Bard's Epitaph":

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name."

"Reader attend! Whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root."

It will, we think, be generally conceded that Burns comes out of the test an easy first. There is a directness, and yet a certain gentle moderation, that are accentuated rather than destroyed by the note of irony in the last lines. Mr. Swinburne's appreciations of other poets are vitiated by a lack of the *mediocritas aurea*. But, in noticing a volume so full of splendid and noble verse as is this, we do not wish to finish in a fault-finding mood, and

therefore close by quoting a little faultless poem, called "A Roundel of Rabelais":

"Theleme is afar on the waters, adrift and afar,
Afar and afloat on the waters that flicker and gleam;
And we feel but her fragrance and see but the shadows that mar
Theleme.

"In the sun-coloured mists of the sunrise and sunset that steam
As incense from urns of the twilight, her portals ajar
Let pass as a shadow the light of the sound of a dream.

"But the laughter that rings from her cloisters that know not a bar
So kindles delight in desire that the souls in us deem
He erred not, the seer who discerned on the seas as a star
Theleme."

THE LAND OF THE WHITE ORYX.—III.

By E. N. BUXTON.

IT is notoriously difficult to get Arabs away from the mere-
tricious attractions of a town. It was with the full consciousness of this that the Mudir ordered all our camel-men into a certain compound the evening before our departure from El Obeid. Thus they were duly marshalled in the morning, and as long as they were under the observation of the authorities, wore a sober air; but alas for the vain expectations raised by this pious attitude. The way led through the town; we innocently rode on. An hour on the way, I sent back Hassan as whipper-in. We never saw him or the caravan again that day. After riding fifteen or twenty miles, accompanied by a camel-scout, and waiting many hours, we made for a conspicuous granite peak called



VILLAGERS.

Jebel Sinun, which had been visible all day, thinking that that might be their objective. We had to ride hard for two hours, to clear the dense thorn-bush in the daylight, as there was no proper track, but made our point by sun-down. There we found a village, whose inhabitants were quick to understand our needs, and supplied them to the best of their ability, after which we lay down on the native bedsteads which they brought. Some time in the small hours the energetic Hassan arrived, having, with the aid of two of the

men, driven the camels on our tracks. Both he and the beasts were knocked about and very tired, with the obstacles they encountered in the thorn jungle. The bulk of our followers, including the camel-sheik, never arrived till broad daylight,



A WELL IN KORDOFAN.

looking very sheepish. The fact is, the moment we were out of sight, they left their camels in the market-place and dispersed to enjoy the fashionable pleasures of the town. However, henceforth there were no such counter-attractions to be dreaded, and, taking leave of our hospitable villagers, we struck out for pastures new. Except for an occasional tendency to lay hands on food supplies, on the pretence that it was wanted for the Government, and their incurable improvidence about water, we had no further trouble with our men. We were now travelling to the north-west from El Obeid. For sixty miles there were no wells on the route we followed, but the village of El Gleit supported itself at this time of year on water-melons, large numbers of which lay ripening on the ground. We made a bargain with the proprietor of one of these melon fields, and turned our beasts in, with a four days' thirst upon them, to revel in a full meal of the juicy fruit.

Soon after this we reached a district where we might hope to hear of the oryx, or *wahash* in the vernacular. At El Gleit I had engaged an active native as hunter, named Nur. He was not a very successful tracker, but he had keen sight and an extraordinary gift of conveying his ideas in dumb-show, which made him excellent company. It is always amusing to know what a native is thinking about, and when he expresses it in pantomime, doubly so. He was very active, and would swarm up to the top of a prickly thorn tree, in a trice, for scouting purposes. The second hunter, named Achmet, whom I picked up at Masrub, was a much older man, with better judgment than the other, though with less acute sight. His strong point was that he could be relied upon to obey orders and not to show himself at critical moments. He had once been a master of many herds, but the Mahdi had three



IN THE MELON PATCH.

leaving them behind with Abdullah, the donkey-boy, when tracks of the oryx had been found, or for other reasons the ground seemed likely. But the difficulty of this lay in Abdullah's extreme dislike of finding himself alone. This caused him to disregard my orders and follow on our tracks, and led on some occasions to the ruin of a promising stalk, or to the

times sent to take toll of his possessions, and finally cleared him out and left him a poor man. He had also been "sent for" to Omdurman to induce him to part more readily, and had, so he said, known Slatin Pasha when he was a prisoner there, and worshipped alongside him in the Great Mosque. These men, in whose company my daughter and I spent many hours, appear in the portrait of a dead oryx, reproduced on the next page.

In hunting from a stationary camp we generally rode out on our donkeys, leaving them behind with Abdullah, the donkey-boy, when tracks of the oryx had been found, or for other reasons the ground seemed likely. But the difficulty of this lay in Abdullah's extreme dislike of finding himself alone. This caused him to disregard my orders and follow on our tracks, and led on some occasions to the ruin of a promising stalk, or to the flight of the animals just as I had erected my camera for a snap-shot. This repulsion to solitude, due to superstitious terrors, is common to all Africans as far as I have observed. When reproached with his cowardice, he excused himself by saying that he was afraid the lions would eat the donkeys. I should, of course, not advise a younger man to handicap himself in this fashion when hunting; but the distances are great, and the sand is deep in Kordofan, and allowances must be made to threescore years and—something.

Perhaps for the above reason, among others, I was at first unsuccessful; but persistence generally, though not always in game-hunting, brings its reward. At length, after a fruitless morning's search, and tiffin eaten under a depressing sense of failure, a herd of oryx was perceived behind a rather dense thicket of thorn trees. In such a case, by focussing the Zeiss glass carefully upon them, the intervening branches are, so to speak,



WAYFARERS.



A DEAD ORYX.

partly subordinated, and it is possible to get a tolerably clear idea of the position and quality of the beasts. I feared lest the bullet should be deflected, so closely were the stems and boughs interlaced. Nor did I dare to approach nearer, lest by breaking sticks I should disturb them, but at length got a fair chance, seeing the brown neck and shoulder and part of the white flank through a gap. Fortune favoured, and, though the jungle prevented my seeing what happened, I heard the bullet strike. On going to the spot we found blood, and, tracking it up, discovered the animal—an old female, with a fair average head of 36in.—in a dying condition.

When we were moving from camp to camp—and it must be remembered that we could never stay long in a camp far removed from wells—we took on a different formation, at least, when passing through country which we thought likely for game, and I got some of my best chances when on the march in this way. In these cases I always went ahead on foot with my two natives. My daughter, mounted on a very tall camel, followed from 100yds. to 200yds. behind. From this elevated position she was often the first to see game ahead. Next, and keeping about the same distance, the camel-scout, and behind him, at a similar interval, the *hamla*. Thus, if game were viewed, it was easy to pass back a signal to halt. The necessity of silence must be impressed upon the camel-men, and it is essential that, if halted, they should not make their camels lie down, as in this case they always grunt loudly.

The country most favoured by the oryx and *addra* is rolling ground, which offers favourable positions for the herds to command the approaches. For the same reason they choose open country rather than that which is thickly wooded, though they often take refuge under trees or in denser thickets during the heat of the day, while the *addra* and the lesser gazelles do the same.

It was when travelling across such a country between Holra and Jebel Has Has that I had my best success. I was sure there were oryx about, not only from the tracks we saw, but also from the number of traps set for them by nomadic Arabs, who go about the country with herds of pasturing camels and employ their leisure in this way. The following is their ingenious method, and in one form and another it is in use in a great part of Africa, if not over the whole continent. A slight fence of considerable length is built of thorn boughs, just strong enough to induce wild animals to pass through the gaps which are purposely left in it. In each of these gaps a small hole is dug about 6in. in diameter. Over this a collar, like a wheel with numerous spokes made of stiff grass stems, is laid, and upon this a noose of twisted camel-skin rope, the other end of which is firmly attached to the butt end of a branch of thorn. This does not arrest the animal when caught, but by plunging into the sand as he gallops it greatly hinders him, so that he is easily overtaken and speared. The use of the collar is to prevent the noose slipping off until it is thoroughly tightened on the animal's leg. In the example here illustrated there is a very ingenious swivel arrangement to prevent the rope kinking and breaking if the attached branch should whirl round and round. The destructive character of this trap was shown by the number of oryx remains found by us in deserted camps.

We were running short of water, and had far to go to the next wells, so that I could only do such hunting as came in my way on the march. We followed the order of marching before described. This time it was the scouts on foot who first spied a herd. Signalling back to the rest of the *hamla* to stop, I crept forward, sheltered by a ridge, and then, crawling flat through the grass, reached a point commanding the herd, which appeared to consist entirely of old bulls. It was a rare chance to secure a good specimen, and I watched them for a quarter of an hour through the glass—they were grazing on the top of the next rise—endeavouring to make out which were the best. Having determined the point to my satisfaction, I aimed for the shoulder of the biggest. The bullet told, as did a second fired at the flank of a very fine bull as he crossed me galloping. The two wounded animals kept on with the herd,

then tailed off slightly, and went into a valley, where they lay down. The whole herd, which had so far seen nothing, then returned to seek their leaders, and stood motionless on the ridge behind them, so that it was extremely difficult to approach the wounded animals. Something had to be done, and at length I started to crawl down in full view, relying on the fact that my clothes exactly matched the tint of the grass. My companion's black head was a dangerously conspicuous object, but I made him keep it low in the grass, and hidden behind me. Thus we slowly drew ourselves forward, with the help of our elbows, for some 200yds. down the slope, and then along the flat till I reached cover behind a dead and fallen tree, beyond which it was impossible to go. This was within a long shot of the wounded animals, but I could only see their horns as they lay in the long grass. After an hour's waiting, I showed myself slightly to



ARAB SNARE.

the herd, which caused them to move, and this had the desired effect of making their wounded companions rise, when I quickly had the best one on the ground. The other slowly followed the herd. His fate shall be described later. The dead one proved to be a noble bull, taping 43½ in. along the curve of the horns. My daughter quickly arrived on the scene, and the



IN THE SHADOW OF THE JUNGLE.

retainers came on at the run, after waiting for two hours, and gathered round rejoicing, for it was recognised that I had a record head. Referring to his portrait on the opposite page and the figures grouped around, I feel that an apology is due on behalf of the individual on the right. His broken-kneed aspect is not due to a physical defect, but to the necessity for heavily padding the knees to protect them, in crawling, from the pestilent *heskinect*.

IN THE GARDEN.

IN THE TIME OF DAHLIAS.

THE Dahlia is the flower of the season, and it is now beginning to appear in the usual abundance at the shows. Several new varieties have already been seen, and in these the colours are distinctly good; but there is the same wiry, sprawling, thin-petalled flower that we have been accustomed to for years, with not the slightest tendency to revert to the older and, in our opinion, more decorative flowers, of which, among the reds, King of the Cactus, Cochineal, Lady Ardilaun, and Fire King, among yellows, William Fearce, Lady Penzance, and Lady Primrose, or Henry Patrick, that fine white, were the best representatives. These hold their flowers well above the foliage, and the flowers look one straight in the face, as if to say, "Here I am, to colour the garden once again." It is possible with these to make groups which, for brilliancy and dashing beauty, are incomparable rivals even to the flaming colours of the Kniphofias or Torch Lilies, which are in their full beauty at the same season. We do not wish to quarrel with those who grow the starry-formed Cactus Dahlias; it is the exclusion of the good sorts that we were proud of in past days that is so regrettable. Many who have large gardens and wish for rich effects would value these sorts if they could obtain them; but we even doubt whether they are kept in nurserymen's lists of to-day. The usual routine work must be maintained amongst the Dahlias, such as giving liquid manure occasionally, trapping earwigs with Beanstalks, and removing superfluous growths.

A BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE ROSE.

It is a pleasure to receive a photograph of *Rosa multiflora*, taken in its native wilds in Japan. As the Rose is so well known in England, and has been referred to recently in *COUNTRY LIFE*, further remarks would be a mere repetition; but the following letter is interesting: "I am enclosing a photograph which you may feel of sufficient interest to insert in your most delightful paper. It is a Japanese Rose, white, with the most fragrant scent, which is delicious and lasting. A friend of mine brought the seeds from a mountain in Japan, called Otomoge, near Fujiyama, raised them in heat, and this charming bush, planted by the stump of an old tree, is the result. The Roses were growing on the mountain path near the summit, peeping out of the snow.—B. M. SIMONDS."

GLADIOLI FROM MESSRS. KELWAY.

It is always a pleasure to receive a boxful of Gladioli spikes from Messrs. Kelway and Sons, the famous raisers

and growers of these and many other garden flowers. We noticed the array of spikes at a recent show of the Royal Horticultural Society, a regiment of flowers of noble proportions, not only as concerns the individual bloom, but the stem, which is as straight as an arrow, and lined with big firm petals of the colours of the rainbow. The immense work that this firm has accomplished in raising new varieties is surprising, and it remains unfinished. Each

Gladioli season some fresh colour is seen, or a departure from existing types, and the receipt of a collection of flowers recalls the success of the firm's labours. Among those sent, the following were very fine: Mrs. J. Laing, a salmon rose flower of great beauty; Lady Muriel Digby, soft yellow; Coronation, a superb hybrid, the spike tall and straight, and the flowers white touched with lilac; and Countess of Derby, pink, dashed with a deeper shade. It might appear from the exotic appearance of the flowers that Gladioli were difficult to grow, but the case is otherwise. It is probably expensive to plant groups of the newer hybrids, but many of the older ones are now reasonable in price. We mention this, as the way to see the full effect of the Gladioli is to have a group of one sort, and to plant among low-growing shrubs, as these are a protection from wind and rain to the tall stems.

THE DWARF BLUE CORNFLOWER.

We have the ordinary blue Cornflower and the dwarf form of it growing side by side, and the contrast shows how debased a flower may become in the hands of the hybridist, who merely attempts sensational results. This miserable deformity is praised in catalogues, and thrust upon those who would not purchase it if they could see the flower before doing so. It is the same with the *Antirrhinum* or Snapdragon. In the dwarf variety all the natural grace of the flower has gone, and we hope that good gardeners will avoid these attempts to destroy a beautiful plant. They are occasionally recommended for edging beds and borders, but surely there are sufficient things of dwarf growth for such a purpose as this—the Pinks, Gentians from the Alps, the mossy *Saxifragas*, and a hundred others.

RANDOM NOTES.

Work Amongst the Carnations.—If layering of the shoots has not been done, there should be no further delay, as it is essential to get the young plants put out before September is over. The operation has been already described at length. This is only a reminder of the pressing need for doing the work at the right moment. Where many seedlings have flowered, a few may probably have been selected for further trials; if so, these must be layered, but it is unwise to keep anything that is not first-rate. Carnations are now so perfect from seed saved from the best strains that it is not often a variety occurs worthy of a distinct name.

Roses for Buttonholes.—Very soon we must think of Rose planting. Already the leaves are yellowing, bringing thoughts of autumn work and preparation for another year. A correspondent writes for the names of the best Roses to give flowers suitable for buttonholes, and it is not so easy to answer this question as one might suppose. Almost all the Tea-scented

A CHARMING BUSH OF *ROSA MULTIFLORA*.

Roses are beautiful in the bud stage, but the following may be recommended especially for this purpose: Anna Olivier, buff and rose; Bouquet d'Or, yellow; Bridesmaid, clear pink; Fisher Holmes, crimson; Gloire Lyonnaise, lemon; Gustave Regis, yellow; Killarney, soft pink; Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, primrose; Mrs. W. J. Grant, pink; Mme. Abel Chatenay, rose, carmine, and salmon, a mingling of colours; Mme. Charles, apricot; Mme. Pierre Cochet, orange yellow; Mme. Hoste, clear yellow; Niphetos, white; and White Maman Cochet. These are selected for their vigour and freedom of flowering.

FALCONRY: THE AUTUMN SEASON.

IN many senses, though not by any means in all, the hawking season may be said to begin on August 12th; for, in the first place, that is the first day when grouse—which in the estimation of a very large section of falconers are the

spolia opima to which they can aspire—may and can be taken; and, in the second place, skylarks, which, now that the pursuit of the heron is no more, afford the highest flights obtainable in this country, usually begin to be taken by trained merlins either on or very soon after that day. Nor are these the only reasons why this date should be taken as the commencement of the falconer's season; for it is then that the earliest of the "eyesses," or hawks of the year, whatever may be their species, are, as a rule, ready to take the field. Amongst these

are included not only peregrines for the grouse and merlins for the larks, but goshawks for partridges and ground game, sparrow-hawks for blackbirds (with a few of the best for partridges), and in some cases, where a falconer has been lucky enough to secure them, nestling gerfalcons, lanners, sakers, or Barbary falcons. Nature has so ordered it that all these young hawks should be acquiring their full powers of flying, and that modicum of skill which enables them to catch an easy quarry, just at the time when such easy quarry is available in the shape of other birds, either of tender age themselves or else undergoing the process of moulting, which in more

ways than one makes them less able to take care of themselves than they will be later on

Nevertheless, the task of getting these eyesses so quickly ready as to do themselves justice on the Twelfth requires a good deal of activity on the part of even the most experienced trainer. The several stages of the young hawk's life which fit her for her career must have been got through, not indeed with any hurry, but without any dawdling or wasting of time or making of mistakes. Of these stages, the first is, perhaps, the most interesting, and certainly the most agreeable, to those chiefly concerned. In fact, if the eyess were allowed to choose for herself, it would be difficult for her to find a much more pleasant mode of spending her time for the first few weeks after she is able to fly. If she has been "well taken" by a competent man when she was already a "ravage hawk" or a "brancher," and able to run about well, and perhaps even to fly short distances, and after almost all of the down of her infancy has vanished from her plumage, it will have been only a

few days—perhaps even only a few hours—before she has been let loose in a convenient spot to roam about at her pleasure where she likes, only restrained from straying indefinitely into the background by the consciousness that her food is provided for her two or three times a day in the same field or place, either on a "hack-board" or on a "dead lure." At all other times except feeding-times she is as free as the air; and the only thing which specially distinguishes her from her wild cousins is that she wears jesses on her legs and a big back-bell on one



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THE BOW PERCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

or both ankles. Near the same place a bath is set out for her accommodation when she likes to get into it. Her supply of rations is not stinted either in quantity or quality; and as she takes her repasts no man interferes with her, or even, according to the most approved practice, presumes to stare at her except from a respectful distance.

The period of "hack" is prolonged as much as the trainer judges to be safe. Peregrines can be left out for a month, or sometimes rather more; so that it will generally be well on in July before they are snared and "taken up" from hack. Thus there is often not much more than four weeks in which to accomplish



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THE POLE CADGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the rather laborious task of breaking her to the hood, manning her, making her to the lure, and teaching her to "wait on" at a good height. Merlins are nearly a month later than peregrines, but then they cannot, unless heavily weighted—and even then at some risk—be left out much more than a fortnight after they are well able to use their wings. The last days of July, therefore, usually see them brought in from their pleasure-ground, and subjected to that rigorous discipline which is to convert them from spirited and rather fiery little termagants into orderly and obedient servants. By this time all these youngsters have, of course, become quite strong on the wing. In some cases they have, even though weighted with their heavy bells, killed a wild bird or two—most of them have had a try at accomplishing that feat—but they are not as far advanced as they would have been had they been left in the eyrie under the charge of their parents, who would have then been able to give them the benefit of their example and tuition.

The difficulties which beset the trainer after he has once taken up his hawks are very different from those which the common herd always imagine to be so great. They do not, in



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A KILL IN THE OAT STUBBLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

partridge, it is necessary that they should, before the game is put up, wing their way up to a place in the sky from which they will have the advantage of a long descent in their first stoop at the fugitive; and in that place, somewhere very nearly over the head of the falconer, they must stay, often for rather a long

time, "waiting on" for the game to be routed up, without straying far away, and allowing their intended victim to get a long start before they turn over and come down. Here, also, the inventive genius of man has been busy through many centuries in discovering systems whereby the game hawk may be induced to attain willingly to a high "pitch" when thrown off to wait on for grouse or partridge.

The admirers of each kind of hawking, whether it is in August, or at any other time, have, of course, their own special partiality for it, and their own arguments in its favour. The game-hawker will maintain, for instance, that the stoop of the peregrine, perhaps from many hundred yards high, is a finer sight than can be seen in any other sport; and, probably, if

mere speed in action is the test, his contention is quite right. But then the excitement in a flight at grouse, though intense while it lasts, is short-lived. In the great majority of cases two or three stoops are all that can be delivered before the quarry reaches some place of safe shelter, and in many instances the



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CALLED OFF TO THE FIST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the first place, consist of the very simple problem "How to get your hawk back," and they depend very much more upon the particular character and tendencies of the individual hawk to be trained than anyone might suppose. But amongst all others one special difficulty presents itself in the case of peregrines, and another and quite different one in the case of merlins. These latter are flown at so light a quarry that they can, after capturing it, carry it off as far as they like without any trouble; and they happen by nature to be particularly apt to thus bolt with their booty. The inclination to do so must, however, be checked and discouraged by all possible means; and it is here that the trainer has to exercise the largest amount of care, patience, and, sometimes, of ingenuity. A whole chapter might be written to explain the devices which have been found to cure this dangerous vice; but it must suffice here to say that a hawk which "carries" is a disgrace to her trainer, who is also generally punished for his sins by the loss of his hawk. Peregrines which are intended for grouse are not much tempted by the inclination to carry their quarry, which is rather too heavy to invite such a proceeding. And, moreover, peregrines are not so naturally disposed to the habit as the smaller hawk. But then in their case there is a trouble which is unknown to the trainer of merlins; for in order to catch so fast-flying a quarry as a grouse, or for that matter a



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HAWKING IN THE DOG-DAYS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

very first stoop proves the most fatal. In lark-hawking, on the contrary, as in gull-hawking, it is comparatively rare to see the first stoop succeed; and there is a great chance that quite a large number of attempts will be made before the hawk gets the best of the business. A dozen or more stoops are quite commonly delivered before the quarry is either taken or escapes; and, moreover, before the first stoop is made, the hawk may have had to climb up in circles to an immense height. The

work done by the peregrine in mounting easily at her leisure to a convenient height, and then stooping, with every advantage of position on her side, is manifestly very much less than that of the merlin which has to labour upwards at full speed after a quarry which has had the start of her, and then continue to stoop at it repeatedly until she has compelled it to come down. The test of strength, condition, and endurance is obviously greater in the case of the small hawk; and the satisfaction felt by the trainer when his merlin has succeeded in killing a "ringer" is perhaps proportionately as great.

As for the short-winged hawks, the system employed for training them differs again from the *régime* adopted with the nobler falcons. Here the main object is to get and keep the hawk in "yarak," so that she is eager for the fray, and to inculcate in her a spirit of such complete obedience that when not actually in pursuit of quarry she comes naturally to the fist of her owner. These hawks, although of the baser sort, have many advantages over their more lordly rivals. They can be flown in a comparatively enclosed country, in which peregrines and merlins would be useless, and they can be flown at a great variety of different quarry in the same day, working hard, when in good fettle, for



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IN TWO MINDS ABOUT IT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

quite a long time together, without losing their interest or keenness in the pursuit. Only the best male goshawks will take partridges well, but an ordinary female ought to do good execution with rabbits, and an exceptionally strong and courageous one will render a good account of hares. The flight at pheasants with these fine hawks is not as much practised as it should be. The match between a good female sparrowhawk and a full-grown partridge is so level that a special interest

attaches to this flight; and the perseverance of the male sparrowhawk in pursuit of a cunning old blackbird is only rivalled by a



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ON HER FIRST QUARRY.

"C.L."

magpie-hunt with tiercels. Both performances are unique in their way, and both require to be seen to be appreciated.



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NOT QUITE LIKING THE HOOD.

"C.L."

THE THREE MYSTERIES.

LIFE, Love, and Death! A footprint on the sands of Time, come whence, gone whither; a spell of haunting sweetness woven of dreams, a narrow cell of silence. But it is this mystery of birth that makes life beautiful, this glamour of love, this unknown way of death. For it is thus that we dwell with the angels. If this world were all-sufficient, if it were the beginning and end of all things, the soul would never yearn towards the illimitable spaces, could never thrill at the voice of love as to a sweet and unforgotten tone heard long ago in far dream places, could never wear the

everlasting hours. But it is always under the spell of the Infinite. For it has once gazed on that beauty which is now hidden, and once tasted of those joys which are now withheld.

The mystery of Life! A lump of clay cast into a mould of human form, and filled with living breath. And within this mortal frame a little spark struck from the forges of Eternity, inextinguishable for ever and ever. This is the mystery that looks from the eyes of every child that comes into the world, the mystery that is shut within the lids of every breathless sleeper, the mystery of that little quenchless spark, its whence, and why, and whither. For the new-born babe, pure and stainless from the hands of its Creator, has no knowledge of the spiritual life within, but is only conscious of bodily pain and comfort; and with the last breath of dying lips the chainless soul takes flight. So that no one comes into the world with a knowledge of the secret, nor can return with it after death. But the mystery of Life is so bound up with that of Death that they cannot be kept apart, for the whence is only the whither, and the whither only the whence; and if Life could answer why, then so could Death.

The mystery of Love! A voice heard in the inner silence of the soul, an echo from immemorial years, a face remembered

merges in Eternity. But there are some to whom this grace of soul has come again, with old remembered sweetnesses of voice and touch, who have seen in some fair earthly tenement the image of their dreams, who through mortal lips have caught a breath of Immortality, from mortal eyes a look of Paradise. And this is the mystery of Love. How long must Love inhabit only clay-built nests; through how many mortal bodies must it pass ere it can reach the changeless state? And again: was Love a perfect thing from the hands of the Creator, and if perfect how thereafter marred, or was it to reach perfection only through Sorrow's cleansing fires? Surely Love was conceived in perfection, and though thereafter stained, and soiled by earthly lusts, and carnal desires, surely it shall grow perfect once again, not in this world, but in the fairer world to be, whose citizens are angels.

The mystery of Death! A clod of breathless earth, a great darkness, an utter silence, an everlasting sleep.

Why then do we ask whither? For the tired feet are evermore at halt, and the eyes are filled with blindness. Because there is that within us which, looking for a moment on the face of Death, goes out from his presence into the regions of space, seeking the freed spirit, whose darkness is now no more darkness, and whose silence is full of all celestial sound. For the mystery



F. M. Sutcliffe.

EVENING MISTS.

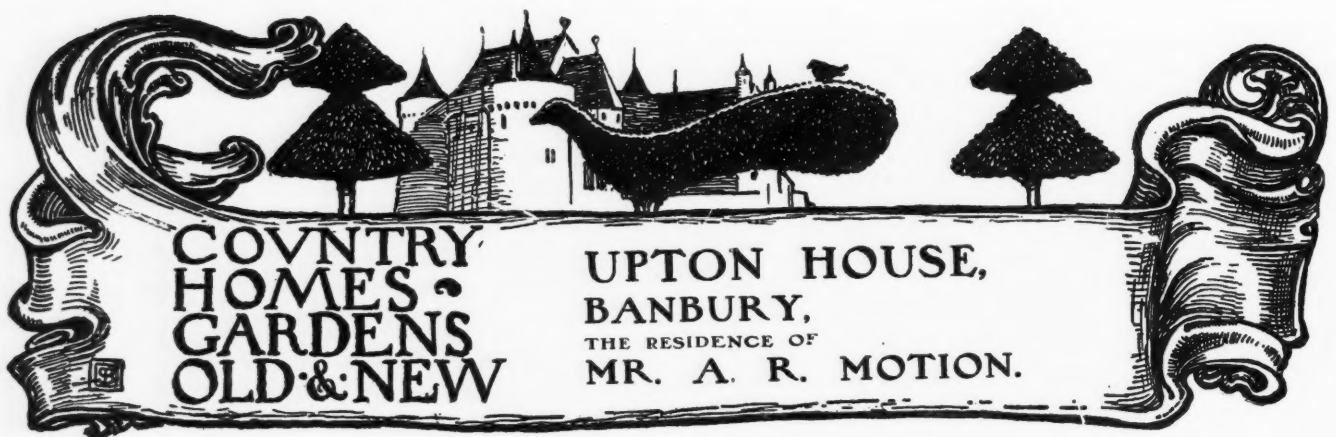
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of dreams, with footsteps wandered from Eternity. Who knows where Love is born, or who can tell whereof it is made? For it is intangible as starlight, impalpable as perfume, elusive as dreams. Yet of all of these is it fashioned; for starlight is pure, and perfume is sweet, and dreams are lovely. There are many kinds of Love—creations of sense, phantoms of desire—but the soul knows only one passion. A passion not of the outward eye, but born of some divine delight, and inner sympathy. Not a thing of yesterday, nor to-day, nor to-morrow; but come from ages old, with present joy and everlasting years. And some have found this rapture in this world, and some know it not as yet. And they who have found it are few, for the spirit of Love is like the wind that comes out of desolate places, and goes hither and thither into the uttermost parts of the earth seeking for rest and finding none. For there are forsaken fields, and lonely woodland paths in far-off viewless worlds, where two once wandered and where now one walks alone, listening and watching for the accustomed step and worshipped face that come along the silent ways no more. And then, one day no footstep shall sound in the quiet forest places, no fond eyes look across the golden summer fields; two souls are flying through the realms of space, haply to meet again in some sweet mortal shape of other worlds, or nevermore until all Time makes end, and daylight

of Death is also the mystery of Life. And this mystery of Death is not as to whether there shall be a Life beyond the grave, but as to what that Life shall be. And just as the mystery of Love is an instinct of beauty, so is that of Death and of the Life beyond. For the unknown world is lovely with the prayers of a thousand saints, and sweet with the thoughts of all true lovers. Whence that look of peace that touches the face of Death to beauty?

It is as though the dying eyes had looked for a moment with the spirit's larger vision into the ineffable places, as though a great light had suddenly shone. It is as though the voice of Love had sounded in star-sweet spaces, calling far away, as though an angel had touched the lifeless features, and stamped them with Immortality. There is no fear, no doubt, no sorrow, only a sweet and sacred silence, a hush of joy, a look of peace.

What dost thou see? I see into the light! The veil that hides this triune mystery is woven of the heart's disgrace, and no mortal hand may tear it aside, but the soul has its dreams. And these dreams have made men saints and women angels. For they have come to all the strongest, sweetest spirits of the world. And they have made the instinct of Life sure, and the knowledge of Death fearless, and the face of Love everlasting. For after Life comes Death, and after Death, Life, and Love is the key that shall open the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven.



THIS characteristic Warwickshire house is an excellent example of the dwelling-places of the men of substance who lived some 200 years ago. Although the basement on the garden side may go back to the fifteenth century, the house itself was built at the end of the seventeenth, as appears by a leaden water-head on the south front bearing the initials and date "R. C. 1695." The style of the place, with its classic interior, unmistakably betokens the time when the formal manner was in full vogue, though still retaining a certain air of fancifulness often obscured later on. The excellent local stone used by the builders has an agreeable colour, and there is something very pleasing in the doorways, simple windows, dormers, and details of the structure.

Upton is not mentioned in Domesday, being in that early time a part of Ratley, which is a parish on the Oxfordshire border of the shire. It was a possession of the great family of Arden or Ardern, a member of which granted lands here, in the time of Richard I., to the canons of St. Sepulchre's at Warwick. The place also gave name to a family which held of the Ardens, and John de Upton was lord in 1315 by the service of the tenth

part of a knight's fee. The manor was afterwards possessed by the families of Verney, Dalby, and Kydwelly, and was sold in the early days of Henry VIII. to Sir William Danvers, who appears to have established his residence here upon a scale of greater distinction than the estate had possessed in earlier times. He depopulated a messuage in the reign of the bluff monarch, and enclosed 28 acres of land and 200 acres of pasturage, apparently to enlarge his park and grounds. Upton passed to his descendants, of whom John Danvers held it in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the tide of civil strife raged about it, as shall presently be related. It was then sold to the family of Archer of Tysoe, and again passed by sale to the Cullens. Sir Abraham Cullen, a merchant of London, descended from a rich Brabant family, who was made a baronet in 1661, and who married the sister of Sir James Rushout, Bart., is described as being of East Sheen and Upton, and to have been succeeded in the possession by his eldest son, Sir John Cullen, who died unmarried in 1677. The latter's brother, Sir Rushout Cullen, third and last baronet, lived at Upton House, which he seems to have built in its present form. He represented Cambridgeshire





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THE DRIVE.

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THE YEW WALK.

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THE KITCHEN GARDEN FROM THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in seven Parliaments between 1697 and 1710, and his are the initials on the water-head which has been referred to and is illustrated.

Having proceeded thus far, it may be suitable to say something of the historical interests of the region in which Upton House stands. The site is elevated, being more than 600ft. above the sea, and quite 300ft. above much of the surrounding country, upon which the battle of Edge Hill was fought on October 23rd, 1642. A great deal of the land hereabout was open common at the time, many of the present farms, with their fields and hedges, not then existing, though, as we have seen, Sir William Danvers had inclosed broad acres a century earlier for his estate at Upton. The centre of the Royal line was in the rear of the house, at a distance of about a mile and a-half. The King, after riding along the line clad in armour of steel, with the ribbon of the Garter, covered by a black velvet

mantle, whereon was the star of the order, took his stand near by and watched the varying fortunes of the day—the heavy cannonade which preceded the fray, the cavalry charge that failed, the great onslaught of Rupert down the hill on the right, which routed Ramsay, Cholmley, Mandeville, Wharton, and others, and was continued even into the streets of Kineton, the

recovery of the Parliamentary forces, and the advance of Essex, in which the Royal standard was captured and the King's forces driven back upon the hill. A doubtful battle it was, in which the Royal troops were badly handled; but the substantial advantage remained with them, since the King was enabled to capture Banbury and march to Oxford unresisted. A magnificent panorama is unfolded from the crest of the hills, extending on the north over the great middle plain of England into the shires of Gloucester, Brecknock, Hereford, Worcester, Stafford, Salop, Chester, Leicester,



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VIEW FROM THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE HOUSE AND THE POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Nottingham, and Northampton, and on the other hand into Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire.

Upton House, though not as we see it now, was standing when these great events were enacted in its immediate neighbourhood. It passed through several hands after the death of Sir Rushout Cullen, and was sold in 1757 to Francis Child, the eminent banker, that gentleman being succeeded in the ownership by his son Robert, who used Upton as a hunting seat. A romantic story is told of its subsequent descent. Robert Child had an only daughter, who was a great heiress, her hand being sought by many. Among her suitors was John, tenth Earl of

Westmorland, and a strong mutual attachment is said to have sprung up between the young couple. The Earl, fearing, or, perhaps, knowing, that the rich banker would never give his consent to the marriage of his daughter to a poor peer, propounded a question to her father. "What would you do," he said, "if you fell in love with a girl whose father would not consent to her marriage?" "Why," replied the banker, "run away with her, to be sure." It was a suggestion that the young nobleman was nothing loth to adopt. The lady's-maid, who was a party to the stratagem, drugged the duenna, who slept in an outer apartment, and Miss Child escaped from the



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BETWEEN BRICKS AND YEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

house in Berkeley Square at night and fled with her lover in a post-chaise and four. The hall door was left open, and the banker, being aroused, discovered how he had been tricked, and called for his horses. Within a very short time the pursuit had begun, and was hot and furious, the banker, apparently having better horses, slowly gaining ground. When pursuer and pursued were flying through Cumberland, the banker came into view, and almost reached them upon the road. Then it

was that Lord Westmorland did a bold thing. He stood up in his post-chaise and, with unerring hand, shot the leading horse in his future father-in-law's vehicle, which thereupon overturned. Thus was time gained and the knot securely tied by the blacksmith of Gretna Green on May 20th, 1782; but Mr. Child did not forgive the runaways, and at his death, two months later, left the whole of his immense fortune to the first child of their union, Lady Sarah Sophia Fane, who married in May, 1804, George Villiers, Earl of Jersey. We shall not vouch for the details of this romantic story, which several chroniclers have set down, being content to regard it as adding a little to the interest of Upton House, which was part



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THE SOUTH TERRACES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the inheritance. The fifth Earl added the name of Child to that of Villiers in 1812. The house has since been occupied by several gentlemen, and in the hands of Mr. Andrew Motion has added some new attractions to those it already possessed.

The nobility of the site has been suggested, and is, besides, seen in the pictures. With the eye of imagination we may perhaps foresee the day when great terraced gardens may be formed on the inviting slope. Here everything seems prepared for

such an enterprise, including a house commanding the prospect to which they would be perfectly adapted in style. The grounds are now very attractively laid out and slope down to the hollow, where are six old stew-ponds, of which two are very large and of massive construction. Such ponds were often found in the grounds of abbeys and, in them, fish could be kept for consumption. Many of the wealthy had them also, including the old possessors of Upton House, where the ponds are a peculiarly attractive feature of the gardens, and reflect in their upturned mirrors the rich masses of the neighbouring foliage. Upon the steep a shady walk is equally pleasant in the sultry days of summer or the chilly blasts of winter, being sheltered



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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

from sun and wind by the branches of old overshadowing yews. There are fine hedges, too, and all the picturesqueness of old brick walls in which many lovely things find rootage. Beautiful ornamental trees are numerous, and the avenues and walks are very attractive. Kitchen gardening is not neglected, as may be seen, and it only remains to be added that Upton House is surrounded by an estate that is well kept and admirably maintained. It is pleasing to the present sense, and has the charm of suggesting many things to the imaginative lover of the grand style of gardening.

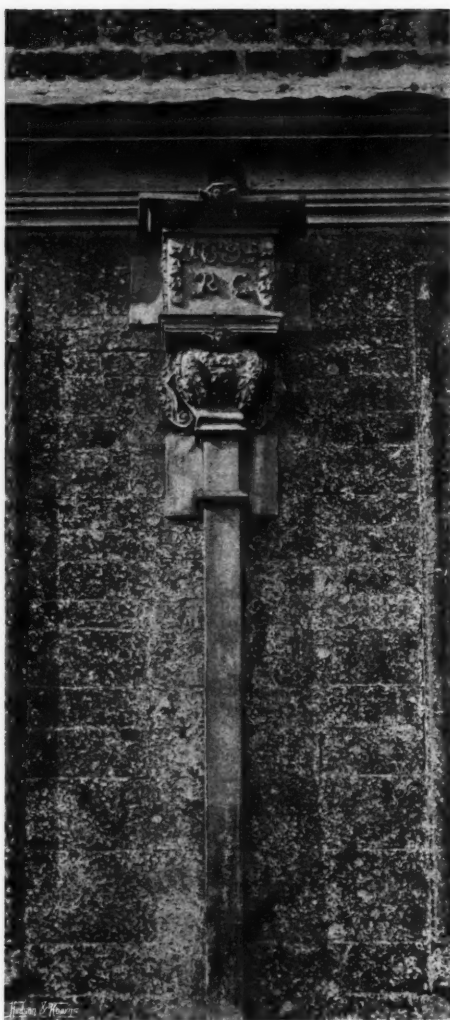
MUTUAL AID AMONG ANIMALS.

LAST year, in 1903, on July 3rd, I was walking with my husband in the little wood at Aris. The weather was heavy and stormy. In the pond at Vixouge the frogs were sending up a deafening chirr. Overhead a brown buzzard with motionless wings hovered in mid-air, emitting its plaintive and sinister cry. Suddenly the bird dropped into the wood, on the further side of which we stood. A moment later the buzzard rose, baffling, as best it could with its great wings, a score of wood-pigeons, who harassed the maurauder without pity, hanging about it with fierce beaks and extended talons. All had risen as one in defence of a threatened nest. Ten days later, at Olmet, we saw the same scene repeated, but this time the huge bird was put to the rout by a company of swallows. In defence of their young the smallest birds are brave. But what especially struck me was rather that, in defence of the young of others, birds (and, as I found out later, mammals also) are capable of altruistic feeling. There is more in Nature than a struggle for life.

With my swallows and pigeons haunting my brain, I went to see the farmer's wife at Olmet, and told her my tale. "Dear me, madam," said she, "if you lived on a farm you would see many such things. I mind me of a foal whose mother died, and it was suckled by a goat that had lost her kid. The goat would jump on a low stone wall, and the foal ran up the field and sucked it."

Every meditative person must have noticed how a favourite subject of thought is like a patch of glue on one's mind; particles stick to it, blown from every quarter. From that day forth I can scarce open a book or paper or go for a walk in the lanes but my eye falls on some trait of mutual aid among animals. In Prince Krapotkine's memoirs I find a quotation from Professor Kessler, the Russian zoologist, which I would take for my text. "Mutual aid," says he, "is as much a law of life as mutual struggle; but for the progressive evolution of the species aid is far more important than struggle."

It appears to me that *maternity*, or rather the parental instinct, is the basis of



Copyright LEAD WATER-HEAD. "C.L."

mutual aid among animals; and this is my plea. Here are some cases taken at random from my reading. Under the date of May 9th, 1776, Gilbert White tells, with much charming circumstance, the history of a cat deprived of her kittens who supported with her milk an orphan leveret. "Thus was a graminivorous animal nurtured by a predacious and carnivorous one. This strange affection was probably awakened by that *desiderium*, those tender maternal feelings, which the loss of her kittens had awakened in her breast, and by the complacency and ease which she derived from the drawing of her teats, too full of milk" ("Natural History of Selborne").

The latter circumstance, however, explains nothing in the conduct of my pigeons and swallows, nor in the charming story told by Eckermann to Goethe, of two young wrens (caught near Tiefurt, and released at Weimar) which were adopted and brought up by a redbreast, who set them in her nest among her young. The redbreast had suffered no loss, and needed no consolation, physical or moral.

The pages of COUNTRY LIFE teem with more recent instances. Mr. Seton Gordon sees a golden eagle who ventures near the roosting-tree of a hoodie crow. (I, too, have seen three crows drive off a kestrel; they are brave birds.) "It was laughable to see the angry hoodies drive him off, and the eagle fleeing for dear life before the fierce onslaught of the enraged hoodies." An anonymous writer, whose letter is published on June 4th, 1904, records the habits of lapwings. If a rook attacks the nest, "the lapwing cock, very likely calling another to his aid, pursues the marauder . . . as long as he is in sight, the little peewits dashing at him, rising in the air and coming down with a swoop"; while in the same number Mr. W. Court describes a sheepdog bitch, whose puppies

had been destroyed, which suckled and brought up a pet lamb, still to be seen on Slater's Farm, near Rye, running about with its strange foster-mother. In all these cases the maternal instinct of parents for their young is at the bottom of mutual aid among animals.

A writer in this year's "Année Psychologique," M. Lécaillon, extends his observations to the insect world, and notes the foster-mother's passion in the *Chiracanthium carnifex*, a common yellowish grey spider. If you take the mother spider from her nest and put her with the young of a second spider, which you have sequestered, she will adopt them at once. Now bring back the second spider, the lady of the house, so to speak. The devoted nurse

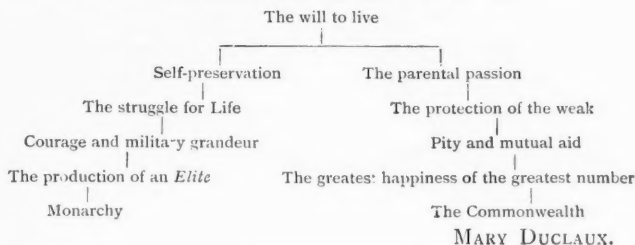
retires without a struggle, leaving the mother her rights and duties. It is only after a day and a night of undisturbed possession that the foster-mother considers the children hers, and will fight to the death to keep them; until then she merely offers a touching example of fraternal aid.

No metaphysical system is vast enough to embrace the variety of Nature, and Darwin's struggle for life, if it accounts for much, leaves some things unexplained. The tyranny of the



Copyright. UPTON HOUSE: WEST SIDE OF THE CARRIAGE DRIVE. "C.L."

strong, the survival of the fittest, the production of an *élite*, a ruling class; these, undoubtedly, are natural facts. But so, in the same degree, are these examples of aid, defence, solidarity, and pity. The interest of the species can provoke virtue no less than force, and right as well as might. And, so far as we sink in the abyss of matter, we still find that principle of mutual help which we exact and extol in our human societies. What else inspires the white corpuscles which, in our own blood, combine to attack a microbe, or to expel the poisonous splinter inflaming a whitlow? These phagocytes work together towards a common end no less than the great communities of sociable insects—ants or bees—or the beavers in their dam. It would be interesting to examine to what extent the defence of the young—and that means the future of the race—lies at the bottom of all these associations. And I have sometimes thought one might draw up a sort of scheme, or genealogy, of human political ideals, founded on the fundamental instincts of animals. Here it is:



THE RED-NECKED PHALAROPE.

TO happen on a colony of red-necked phalarope (*Phalaropus Hyperboreus*) nesting in the British Isles is a piece of good fortune reserved for but a few. The writer has this year (1904) been so fortunate. To betray the locality would undoubtedly bring a horde of quasi-naturalists armed with guns and blow-pipes to collect specimens of birds and eggs alike, and would speedily undo the good work of the tenant, under whose vigilant care these little birds have increased and prospered since 1900.

The spot these birds have chosen as their breeding haunt is a small maritime marsh with a sluggish stream flowing through it, and dotted over with brackish pools left by the sea at high tide. The outskirts of their territory, bounded by low sandhills, are shared by dunlins, where earlier in the year snipe have brought out their young before the phalaropes' arrival during the first week in June.

The first days of their visit are devoted to courtship, in which the female plays the most conspicuous part. Showing off her larger stature and more brilliantly-coloured plumage, she swims coyly round and round the male, who, though he may take flight to a neighbouring pool, is assiduously persecuted, till he at last falls a victim to her wiles. The nest, a neat structure of grass, is usually placed in a dry tussock of rushes in some wet marshy environment, where there is always a handy pool near, to which the bird may creep on the approach of danger. Here are laid the four eggs, very pyriform, of a deep umber ground



H. S. Gladstone. MALE BIRD SITTING.

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colour, richly blotched and streaked with blackish brown. Having laid her eggs, the female's duties are for a while over, as the male proceeds to incubate them. After about eighteen days the young are hatched, and are fed and looked after by both parents. As nestlings they are tiny, long-legged balls of golden buff fluff, with dark brown stripes along their heads and backs, and are wonderfully precocious, leaving the nest within but a few hours of being hatched. Their subsequent development is proportionately rapid, as they, with their parents, have left by the end of July, not to return till the following year.

On July 9th we visited the locality, and walking towards the marsh saw a bird which by its flight one might have almost mistaken for a ringed plover (*Egialtis hiaticola*), but which dispelled all doubt as to its identity by lighting in a pool within a few yards of us. Floating lightly on the water, with head erect, we recognised it at once, by its conspicuous reddish brown neck and throat, as a female red-necked phalarope. As it floated backwards and forwards on the pool, scarcely making a ripple in the water, it uttered a low call, resembling "Pip-plip." Walking on, we got more in the midst of the birds, and three or more females would fly near us, varying their call with a kind of "chissick." Their brief flights were only to draw our attention

to them, and terminated by their lighting in the water, where they hid their anxiety by preening their feathers or pretending to feed. One could see the males creep cautiously from the marsh and glide noiselessly on to the neighbouring pools, where they were joined by their mates. A nestling we found was a sturdy little fellow, though only about three days old, and was difficult to follow in the boggy ground. His toes were noticed as showing very little signs of the lobes with which they would eventually be furnished. On letting him go, he was quite undisturbed, and, after partaking of a minute winged insect, continued his walk. A little further on a female phalarope showed more than usual anxiety as to our movements, in which she was joined by her mate, who had crept from the nest to the pool she was on, and whence they both flew round us, calling repeatedly.

A vigorous search revealed a beautiful nest, with four eggs. It was situated above high-water mark, in a little tuft of grass, which scarcely hid the eggs, whose colour was almost sufficient protection from detection in their grassy



H. S. Gladstone.

THE NEST AS FOUND.

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surroundings. A photograph of this nest was taken exactly as it was found, and also a second, of the nest cleared of rushes and grass, to better reveal the eggs. They must have been highly incubated, as the male was very tame, and came back to the nest, though the camera was only partially screened by some reeds and was set up within 6ft. of him. The sun was very powerful, and, unfortunately, cast a strong shadow down his breast of his bill, which, whether it was from anxiety or heat, we could see half-open as he sat panting.

After we had taken the photograph and were packing up our impedimenta, he came back and sat on the eggs, though we were not roysds. away. Walking on, we found the numbers of phalaropes did not decrease, and in one little pool counted ten, and in another seven. One female we noticed in almost winter plumage, her back being conspicuously mottled with black and



H. S. Gladstone.

THE EGGS UNCOVERED.

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buff. We also observed that, at times when these birds rose, they made the same "whirr" of the wings as woodcock or snipe when rising. The males never flew off the nests, but always crept through the grass and rushes to the pools, near one of which the nests were always placed. The variation in plumage was certainly remarkable, some females having far more red about them than others. Our estimate of thirty pairs is certainly not exaggerated, and there is every hope, so long as the locality can be kept a secret, that an annual increase may be maintained.

THE GARDENS OF "WAVERLEY."

A DISTINGUISHED author somewhere speaks of the "pure high air" (collectively) of Scott's romances, and, after the same fashion, the gardens he describes, or merely indicates, in these immortal tales, bloom again for us with strong vitality, and for the moment there comes to us the breath of their long-faded flowers. They are, for the most part, curiously alike, these gardens, and yet how closely they fit their periods and the figures who peopled them. The motley of daft Davie Gellatly, and the powder and lace steinkirke of the Baron of Bradwardine, suit, as nothing else would do, the terraces of Tully-veolan, "which descended, rank by rank, from the western wall," and Edward Waverley's dragoon spurs clank befittingly down the "flights of steps into the garden proper," which was "fenced along the top by a stone parapet, with a heavy balustrade ornamented, from space to space, with huge, grotesque figures of animals seated on their haunches, among which the favourite bear was repeatedly introduced. Placed in the middle of the terrace, a huge animal of the same species supported on his head and fore paws a sundial of large circumference."

To the same order belong the "tall clipped hedges of yew and holly" which decked the Antiquary's garden at Monkbarrow, though he, for his part, reserved one "tall, embowering holly," "sacred from the shears," under which to sit and listen to the "distant dash of the waves as they rippled on the sand." We come again in the neglected garden of Cumnor Place, upon statues "thrown down from their pedestals and broken in pieces, and a large summer-house having a heavy stone front decorated with carving, representing the life and actions of Samson, was in the same dilapidated condition." So, too, at Kenilworth itself, Amy Robsart's tear-drowned eyes, when she fled to the Pleasance, looked on "arbours, bowers, fountains, statues, and grottoes," and it was beneath "an alabaster column at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain" that the terrible Elizabeth, in her huntress garb, first saw her hapless rival, and thence dragged her to the "arcade" where Leicester and the rest were waiting.

The little garden at Loch Leven "enclosed by a stone wall, ornamented with statues and an artificial fountain in the centre," saw the bitter musings, the tameless resolve, of Mary Stuart in her captivity, and heard the muffled splash of the oars which heralded her escape. We come upon the "clipped yew hedges and formal parterres" again in "Old Mortality," adorning the garden of Fairy Knowe, and they belong of right to Lady Margaret's brocade and tall cane, and Evendale's Monmouth peruke. In "St. Ronan's Well," the gardens of Shaw's Castle are "crossed with yew and holly hedges, still trimmed and clipped by the old grey-headed gardener upon those principles which a Dutchman thought worthy of commemorating in a didactic poem upon the *Ars Topiaria*," and where the scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" were represented on one fatal day, "a little wilderness" was "bounded by such high hedges."

The term "wilderness" brings us to that at Woodstock, which, though fallen into neglect in the time of Sir Henry Lee, yet "presented a succession of yew trees cut into fantastic forms, of close alleys, and of open walks, filling about two or three acres of ground on that side of the lodge, and forming a boundary between its immediate precincts and the open park."

Once there is a glimpse of a later and less formal style in the garden of Willingham Rectory, which Jeanie Deans visited in the course of her heroic journey: "A lawn, of narrow dimensions indeed, but which was interspersed with large, sweet chestnut trees and beeches, kept in handsome order." But this is evidently uncongenial to the author's mind. In "Redgauntlet," for instance, he offers, in the words of Darsie Latimer, a very half-hearted appreciation of Capability Brown and Horace Walpole's "Essay on Gardening," then in the zenith of their fame; and he turns from the modern taste for "simpler nature," for "wood and wilderness," to Joshua Geddes' garden with enthusiasm.

"Here," he says, "the pleasure-ground sloped down to the water," and "the shaven turf, pleached alleys, wilderness (the word in its old sense), and exotic trees and shrubs greatly excelled any of the kind which had been attempted in the neighbourhood." It might not be old; but it was the next best thing, a good imitation of ancient fashions in the "close alleys and open walks" and the "cabinet of verdure."

Of gardening proper there is but a touch here and there in the novels. There are the disguised Abbot Boniface's complaints that the plotters for Queen Mary have trodden down his flower-beds at Kinross; his gift of bergamots to Roland Graeme; and we part from him at Dundrennan, placidly welcoming a "rare dropping morning for the early coiewort." "Rob Roy" gives us Andrew Fairservice and his monumental self-conceit. He was bred, he remarks, in "the parish of Dreepdail, where they raise lang kale under glass, and force the early nettles for their spring kale." Yet he is honestly happy in his work. He has long thought of flitting; but "there's aye something to saw that I would like to see sawn, or something to maw that I would like to see mawn, or something to ripe that I would like to see ripen." He informs the absolutely indifferent Frank Osbaldistone that he is "trenching up the sparry-grass, and gaun to saw some Misegun-beans"; but he can also say, with unconscious and unexpected poetry, that "a kail-blade or a colliflour glances sae gleegly by moonlight, it's like a leddy in her diamonds."

The Enchanter of the North has long laid down his magic pen, but the children of his brain and fancy are living still, informed by the brilliant genius which called them into being. So, also, the gardens and pleasant places where they walked, their due environment, are yet the same. The grass of their turf is no longer, the moss has crept no further over the stones they trod, the scent of the self-same roses and gillyflowers comes to us as we open the beloved pages, unchanged for ever. Where Mary Stuart wept, and Alice Lee wandered, and Rose Bradwardine conned romances in those long-vanished days, they do so still. For such as these time is not, and therefore the pleached alleys, the sparkling fountains, the green walks, the terraces, drawn by that same master hand to enshrine them, are ours to-day.

J. R. HENSLOWE.

OLD BOOK INSCRIPTIONS.

MOST of us as children have made acquaintance with the traditional inscriptions which it was customary for the owner to write in his books, most of them calling down curses and disaster upon whomsoever should steal or borrow and forget to return the volume. In the most interesting work on "The Old Service Books" of the English Church which has just appeared in Methuen's series called the Antiquary's Books, many curious examples are given. Here is a rhyme found in Eleanor Worcester's Prymer of the fifteenth century:

"Ihesus marya.
Mysterys felys owyth thys boke:
and she yt lose, and you yt fynde,
I pray you to take the payne
to bryng my boke home agayne.
Ihesus maria."

This inscription is a very courteous one, but the book appears at one time to have belonged to another owner, who brusquely announces

"*Iste liber attinet*, deny it if you can,
Ad me, *Robertum Colston*, a very honest man."

Other inscriptions were not even so courteous as this. Here is one of the old maledictory order:

"*Iste liber pertinet ad sanctum aldatum*.
Thys boke ys one, & chryst curse ys another;
he yt take the one, take the other. Amen."

On the same book there is scribbled a still ruder sentence:

"Thys boke ys sanct audatys; he yt stelys this boke shall be haultynht by ye neck."

Many of the owners contented themselves with a very simple Latin inscription, such as the following, written in a Psalter now in the British Museum:

"*Si quis invenerit hunc librum, restituat domino Willielmo yngram.*"

Here is rather a fine inscription from a MS. Sarum Breviary in the library of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge:

"Wher so ever y be come over all
I belonge to the chappell of gonvyll hall;
He schal be cursid by the grate sentens
That felonously faryth and bereth me thens.
An whether he bere me in pooke or in sekke
For me he shall be hanged by the nekke
(I am so well beknownen of dyverse men),
But I be restored theder agen."

But the scribblings in these Church Services were not exclusively owners' inscriptions. It would seem that during the sermon, or at some other of the less lively parts of the service, the owner of the Prayer-book frequently whiled away the time by jotting useful memoranda on his book. Some of these writings are very general in character. On the last leaf of one of the Psalters in the British Museum it is written:

"I am not unkynd to love as I flynd."

On another there is this curious recipe:

"For to heale the gall of an horse, and not alter ye heare, take ye greenest of Eldren leaves and stampe—"

It breaks off abruptly at "stampe," for some unknown reason.

On another Psalter in the British Museum, at the foot of the calendar for December, the reader is asked to:

"Remember the sowll of Bettres Torbrow."

In another one a homely remedy is given for a not uncommon affliction:

"for the collyk:—Tak a Rote," etc.

Some of them are amorous in character. There is an extremely interesting Prymer among the British Museum manuscripts which contains many interesting autographs of Royal personages, as, for example, by Henry VII.:

"Madam I pray you Remembre me, your lovyng maistre, Henry R."

Another from Elizabeth his Queen:

"Madam I pray you forget not me to pray to God that I may have part of your prayers, Elysabeth ye quene."

Henry VIII. and Queen Katherine of Arragon wrote the following:

"I thirke the prays of a frend be most acceptable unto God, and because I take you for one of myn assured I pray you to remembre me in yours, Katherina the Quene."

"Katherina the Quene" was subsequently obliterated.

On one of the folios is a prayer translated from the Latin by Princess (afterwards Queen) Mary, in her eleventh year, and below an autograph inscription by the Princess. In addition the Prymer has the following couplet:

"Madam wan you ar dysposyd to pray
Remember your assured sarvant alway."

And lower on the same page:

"Madam when ye most devoutyst be
Have yn remembrance f and p."

In a will dated 1491, the testator, in devising two tenements to provide for certain periodical services, "a masse and dirige and a pele after masse," adds, referring to the directions he has given for the services:

"I will, above all thyng, that thys note be wryten in the masse boke anone altre my buryng."

These may be described as only a few scraps, but they have a curious human interest, and seem to call up in a singularly vivid manner the figures of those pious and simple people of the fifteenth century, who differed so much from us, and yet had so many things in common.

THE MANAGEMENT OF GROUSE MOORS.

THE Editor of COUNTRY LIFE having kindly asked the writer to put on paper his views as to the proper management of grouse moors, the Editor's wishes are herewith carried out. It is quite possible that many owners and lessees may disagree with the views expounded; but the writer ventures to think, with all due humility, that there is something in the suggestions which he has made.

In order to be the happy possessor or lessee of a really

satisfactory grouse moor, the following axioms are essential, viz.:

1. A sufficient extent of ground.
2. Careful and systematic heather-burning.
3. A really good breeding stock.
4. Not too great a number of sheep on the ground.
5. Vermin mercilessly destroyed.
6. Drainage operations carried out with an eye to the welfare of the grouse, as well as of the sheep.



W. A. Rouch.

FALLING INTO LORD POWYS'S BUTT.

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And now to deal with these principles *seriatim*.

1. A sufficient extent of ground: There are certain small patches of low-lying moor, of perhaps 1,500 to 2,000 acres, which yield good bags of grouse year after year, always provided they are not harried too much; and the celebrated Broomhead Moor, of only 4,000 acres, is certainly the king of all moors, great and small; but the man who has from 6,000 to 20,000 acres of good heather to play with, will have greater opportunities of bringing his ground to perfection, and the matter of wind will not affect his sport so vitally as it will do that of his less fortunate friends with smaller holdings. Another important thing is the "lie" of the moor; it should face south-east to south-west if possible, as grouse delight in sunning themselves. The sunny and sheltered flats are always a favourite spot both for nesting and for harbouring the big packs later in the year. It is not so important, as many people seem to think, that the moor should be a wet one, *i.e.*, well furnished with springs. Broomhead is a very dry moor, and the writer had a most excellent day recently in the North of England on a small moor of 2,000 acres, which yielded 250 brace on the occasion of his visit (and will yield as many more next time it is shot over), on which there were hardly any springs; but the owners had dug a few water-holes here and there, chiefly for the benefit of their retrievers. Now a curious fact with regard to both Broomhead and this small moor above referred to, is that they very seldom suffer from grouse disease, a fact which may be enquired into by the Commission which has just been



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LOW SKIMMERS.

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appointed to investigate this question by the Board of Agriculture.

2. We next come to heather-burning, which is seldom carried out as thoughtfully and systematically as it should be.

Of course, in some climates the young heather takes longer to get hold than in others, but, roughly speaking, about one-seventh of the moor should be burnt each year. The head-keeper at Moy (which moor is a model of good management) told the writer that he considers the best system is to burn in zigzag patches, not in strips or large portions, and he also said that he had found winter burning excellent, *i.e.*, in November, as the snow protected the young heather and yielded good feeding late in the following spring.



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A BROOMHEAD GROUSE RACK.

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There is a very good lamp made for heather-burning which facilitates the lighting very greatly. At Broomhead and other moors where heather-burning is carefully carried out, large patches of old heather are left, some half to a quarter of a

mile from the different lines of butts, for the packs to settle and collect in when driving, otherwise the whole moor consists of good heather never more than a foot high. The more bilberries there are on the ground the better, as grouse love the berries and young shoots of the plant. How often do we see a moor apparently burnt entirely in the interests of the shepherd and his sheep, *i.e.*, in large patches of several acres in extent? It saves a great deal of time and trouble to the guns in the ground round the butts is carefully burnt; many birds are lost altogether by falling into long and deep heather quite close to the boxes, in spite of continuous hunting by men and retrievers.

3. And now we come to, perhaps, the most important point of all, *i.e.*, a large and healthy breeding stock. It may be calculated that the average covey of young grouse is five in



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STRAIGHT FOR THE BUTTS.

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AT NICE INTERVALS.

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number all round in a good year; it is very easy to calculate from this basis what sort of stock should be left on the ground at the end of the season, and the writer unhesitatingly affirms that on nearly every moor in Scotland, and on very many in England and Wales, nothing like an adequate breeding stock is left in proportion to the area of the moor. The great argument against leaving a stock always is and has been, "Oh, if you leave too many we shall have disease." But the question is, what is too many?

On Broomhead Moor the ordinary stock left each year on 4,000 acres is calculated at 1,200 brace at the very lowest estimate, and very often a great deal more. At Wemmergill, after a good season, a very heavy stock is also left; the same may be said of The Mackintosh's moor at Moy, and also of Lady Watkin Wynn's Ruabon Moors, on which very heavy bags of grouse are

obtained most seasons. Now, the four moors mentioned, although certainly much more fully stocked than the majority elsewhere, are visited by disease, if anything, at rather longer intervals

than the average. Certainly heather-burning is brought to the utmost pitch of excellence, and on, at any rate, Broomhead and Moy sheep are not encouraged; so that, given good feeding, it does not appear that leaving a heavy stock is detrimental to a moor, but rather the opposite. We all know that our fathers and grandfathers took much the same view about partridges, *i.e.*, that you could not shoot them down too close, and that they required little or no looking after; but the present generation are taking

more care of their partridges, both as regards stock left, change of blood, and efficient vermin-trapping, with the result that, where too brace were killed in one day in former times, you



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BUSY AFTER A DRIVE.

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A VIEW DOWN THE "GRUFT."

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can easily count ten such days at the present. To return to our grouse stock, one of the most important points, in the writer's opinion, with a view to leaving a strong and healthy stock, is not to have the grouse butts more than 55yds. apart at the outside. As a rule, the distance is nearer 75yds. than 55yds., consequently any grouse that fly just between, as they very soon find out that it is the safest course to pursue, are so far out when shot at at the "safe" angle, that a very great number get "pricked," and, if they survive the hardships of winter, they are not likely to be improved in their breeding powers the following spring. Added to this, the fact of the butts being far apart makes it more dangerous to the guns themselves, as they are apt, in hopes of getting these wide-crossing birds a little bit nearer, to shoot at them when too near the line, thereby causing no end of accidents. Whereas if the butts are, say, 55yds. apart from centre to centre, those tiresome crossing birds can be taken at a safe angle well out, by either gun, and then they will not be more than 35yds. to 40yds., quite far enough, and should be killed clean.

In these days driving seems to be more popular each year, and the grouse are apparently becoming wilder in consequence; still, where shooting over dogs is practised (a very charming sport this is) a little forbearance to the young birds would be very beneficial to the moor. In the writer's opinion it is moderate fun shooting two or three promising young grouse as they fluster up under his nose in the first week after August 12th; but it is very satisfactory to watch your setters or pointers working well and staunchly backing whilst you shoot the old birds out of the various coveys they find. This will make the young orphaned birds, who can quite look after themselves by this time, pack together. They will give good sport, driving, later on, and the mixing up in packs must be good in the change of blood line.

Very often in the winter, when all the "tops" are covered with snow, and most of the valleys also, all the grouse on your own moor and on less sheltered ones will come together in one vast pack of, perhaps, two or three thousand birds in some sheltered valley. The keepers and shepherds will naturally think and report that an enormous stock is left on your ground; but with the advent of more genial weather and

a more general distribution of food, this great pack will speedily break up and the members depart to their various homes, very likely persuading some of your own birds to accompany them, and you will be disappointed the next season in finding the coveys much scarcer than you have been led to expect by your keepers. The result of leaving a comparatively small stock is that year after year your bag is not up to your expectations, and it is only in a very exceptional season that you have really good value for your money.

4. In connection with stock, and inseparably connected with it, the question of sheep is a very important one. From some moors that are in their owners' hands, sheep have been banished altogether, with excellent result, so far as the grouse crop is concerned; but, of course, this is not practicable, or by any means desirable, as a universal practice; but what is desirable, both from the landlord's and the shooting tenant's point of view, is that the ground should not be overstocked with sheep, and that only those numbers which the sheep farmer pays for should be allowed on the moor.

In the writer's own experience, when the sheep were cleared off a certain moor, on which rent was paid for 600 sheep, over 1,200 were driven off that piece of ground, which simply means that the landlord had been deprived of his rent for 600 sheep for years, and that at the same time he had been deprived of a large number of grouse which would have thriven on the heather which those 600 extra sheep had consumed. If factors were made to examine into this sheep question a little more strictly, it would be an excellent thing for both landlord and shooting tenant. From the former's point of view, in the important matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, it is obvious that a moor

which carries, say, 1,000 sheep and yields 1,000 brace of grouse will not bring in to his pocket so much as the same moor carrying 500 sheep and yielding 2,000 brace of grouse. Neither will the local population gain so much, as the extra sheep will be most likely looked after by the same number of shepherds; but the more grouse there are, the more days' shooting there will be, the stay of the shooting parties will be longer, drivers will be employed more frequently, tips and the hundred and one accompaniments of a house party will be increased, greatly to the benefit of the countryside.

Shepherds and keepers are quite agreed that the sheep feed on the young heather shoots from year's end to year's end, and it is equally certain that the grouse depend almost entirely on the young heather shoots, bilberries, and the seeds of certain grasses; therefore, if a moor carries an excessive quantity of sheep, the grouse supply will suffer, and the farmer also, in a way, as his lambs will not be so numerous or strong on an overstocked sheep-farm. Shepherds, also, are only human, and if the heather-burning be left to their discrimination, they will naturally burn to suit their own convenience and pockets, without paying much regard to the interests of the landlord, so far as grouse are concerned.

5. It is hardly necessary to say that all vermin should be destroyed, especially stoats and sparrow-hawks, but not owls; the latter do more good by killing the smaller vermin than the cleverest keeper can do.

6. One more important point is the drainage question; this, too, is a good deal mixed up with the sheep. Many moors nowadays are, without exaggeration, nothing but one vast young grouse-trap. If you look at them from a distance you see the lines of open drains scoring their sides in every direction, and on closer inspection you will find these open drains perhaps

30yds. apart, running right down to the burn at the bottom of the hill, the sides so deep and steep that by no possibility could any young bird that has once fallen in ever hope to escape. On ground of this description you will, as a rule, find few grouse, you will see many sheep, and on inspecting the heather you will find that the grass is getting the upper hand. The only way to minimise the harm done to the

grouse is for the keepers to dig a slanting ramp in two or three places from the bottom of each drain to the top; this will entail a good deal of labour and trouble, but once done they would last for years, and it would give any wretched young bird or lamb that happened to fall in a chance of regaining the upper world and its relations.

We have said very little about poachers, as these vary very much with the character of the moor and its neighbourhood. To lay down any hard-and-fast line is quite impossible, because, even in very remote districts, it occasionally happens that there are natives for ever on the watch, and against whom it is impossible to guard; while, even if a moor be within easy reach of a mining or manufacturing town, it is not quite so much liable to be raided as is a partridge ground or a pheasant preserve. The slum poacher, in point of fact, is too ignorant of the habits of grouse to be able to do them much damage. On the other hand, they can be, and often are, snared, and, in a gale of wind sufficiently strong to carry off the noise, shot, by some discarded gillie or labourer who ekes out his livelihood in this way. But each particular case must be dealt with on its own merits.

The photographs which accompany this dissertation were taken at Broomhead, and that place is a model of good management in every way. Most of the recommendations contained in the article have been carried out there, with the result that on a moor of only 4,000 acres the average annual bag is well over 3,000 brace, and in bumper years nearly 4,500 brace have been obtained. The record bag made at Broomhead on August 24th, 1904, was 1,371 brace, including the pick up. A very large stock is left, but there is very rarely any disease.

Verbum sap.

CORNISH CHOUGH.



W. A. Rouch.

BROOMHEAD HALL.

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LIVESTOCK AT CHOLDERTON.

THERE is so much first-class livestock at Cholderton that in describing it one is puzzled to know where to begin. The Hampshire Down flock is one of the finest in the kingdom, and it was somewhat unlucky that at the time when our photographs were taken the choicest animals were away at the different shows, so that we are unable to give pictures of them; but the quality of the flock may easily be demonstrated by a reference to the prizes taken during the present year. At the Royal Show Mr. Stephens was first for a two-shear ram, and third for a two-shear ram, in addition to three minor honours which he carried off. At the Royal Counties' Show he was again first for a two-shear ram, and second for a two-shear ram, with four minor honours in addition. At the Oxfordshire Show he won special for single ram lamb, and took, in addition, five other distinctions. At Salisbury Fair Show and at Overton Fair Show he was also very successful. It will easily be understood then that the agriculture is very much governed by the necessities of the flock. This estate is situated somewhat too high for obtaining very early lambs, and, accordingly, this is not made the special feature that it is in some other flocks of this early maturing breed. Of course, in a well-sheltered, low-lying district the production of first-rate lambs for Whitsuntide is one of the most remunerative branches of husbandry; but the Cholderton land lies practically at the top of a great down overlooking Salisbury Plain, and though the healthiest place conceivable, it is not particularly adapted for the very early production of lambs.



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HAMPSHIRE IN THE FOLD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

lambs come, to find that they are not so true to type or so first-class as they expected. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the reason for this is that the principles of breeding have not received proper attention in the flock from which they are taken. The great object to be secured is that the ewes have nothing bad to cast back to. It very often happens that a lamb, or a pen of lambs, which have not been true bred are, nevertheless, able to carry off the chief prizes at the leading shows—that is to say, the produce of a moderate ram and ewe may chance to be first-rate. But then, when these young animals come to be bred from, the offspring is very often a cast back to some inferior ancestor. In obtaining recruits for a flock, therefore, it is more essential to attend to breeding than to appearance—that is to say, an indifferent, but extremely well-bred, ewe and ram are more likely to produce first-rate progeny than a very fine ewe and ram that have not the same unspotted lineage. It is care in this respect that has brought the Cholderton flock up to its very high standard. Mr. Kerr, who attends to these matters, has a good knowledge of all kinds of livestock; but sheep are his speciality, and the excellence of the flock is, undoubtedly, due to his unremitting care.

As we have said, the character of the agriculture is, to a large extent, determined by the needs of the flock—that is to say, the cultivation is nearly all arable, as the Hampshires are not allowed to graze, and a succession of roots and grain crops is essential to success in feeding them. They do not have the lambing-



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HIGHLANDERS.

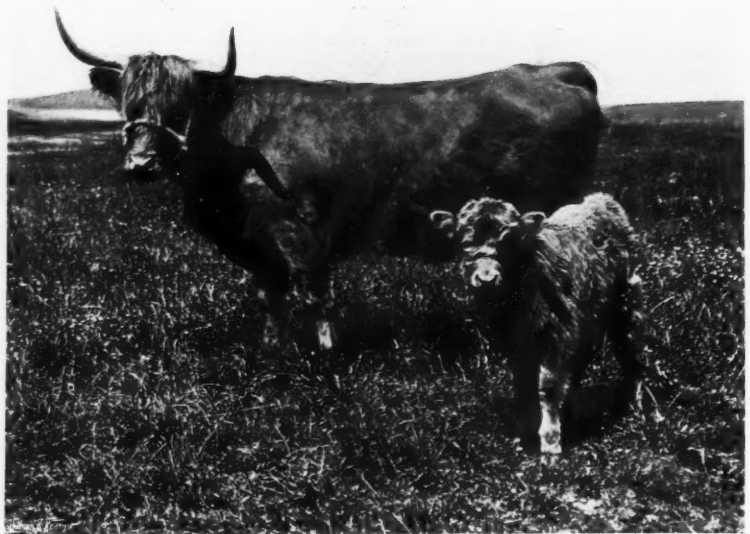
"COUNTRY LIFE."

We saw several portions of the flock—the young rams, the brood ewes, and so forth—and the feature most characteristic of the flock is the fine uniformity of face and marking. The attainment of this, as will be readily allowed, particularly by young flock-masters, is much more difficult than it appears. Many people, when starting a flock of Hampshires, imagine that the way to get a good lot together is to attend sales and buy what are accounted to be the best. They are surprised, when the

time till fairly late in the year—the end of March or April—unlike those who aim almost exclusively at early lambs for the market. They find the system the most profitable for the land they have, as the lambs command a very good price in the early autumn, and such sheep as it is found desirable to send to the butcher also fetch a very satisfactory price indeed. During the past year a feature of the trade has been the very great demand from the colonies and from foreign

countries, where the Hampshire is very much used for crossing purposes.

Another possession for which Mr. Stephens has long been famous is a magnificent fold of Highland cattle. It was established in 1883 by extensive purchases from the Balranald fold, and has since been added to from all the best folds of Highland cattle, including those of Bochastle, Poltalloch, Ensay, Marden Park, Lord Southesk, and the Duke of Hamilton and Jura. The bulls used in this herd are well known, among the patrons of this breed being Ossian of Kinrara, Calum Odhar of Athole, Scarbhaidh, and Ceatharnach. It has always been an object with the owner to acquire and breed only such animals as were proved to be of gentle and quiet disposition, though, in point of fact, the Highlander is not nearly so ferocious a brute as his great horns would cause one to believe. On the contrary, the breed is one of the gentlest in existence. They are kept at Cholderton for ornament more than for exhibition, as the leading shows at which Highlanders appear are at a very great distance away, and it would be expensive and troublesome to send them to Scotland. When shown at the Royal and other English shows, however, very great success has been the result, many first and second prizes having been taken by them. As we have said, the object for which they are kept is chiefly ornamental. The owner considers that in a park they are more beautiful than deer, and they are certainly more profitable. Of all our domestic breeds of cattle, the Highlander is undoubtedly the most handsome, though there may be something in the argument



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PROISAG III. OF CHOLDERTON.

"G.L."

of Guernseys, kept exclusively for the dairy—though prize-winning stock might easily be obtained from them—and a very fine herd of pedigree Galloways, of which we show some illustrations. This herd was founded in 1893 by purchase from many of the leading breeders, including Lord Polwarth, Lord Galloway, the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Robert Jardine, Messrs. Cunningham, Biggar, Graham, Hope, Murray, and Stewart. They have frequently been shown, and always with distinction. The bull Jasper, of which we give a picture, won the first prize at the Royal in 1903. The Baroness of Quarley is, as will be seen, a beautiful cow. As a two year old heifer she won a second prize at the Royal Maidstone Show in 1899. It is claimed for the Galloways that they produce the best quality of beef of all the polled breeds, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Stephens has more than once carried off a first prize with them at the Smithfield Show. It is not to be wondered at that the beef is good, if we accept as from the Highland cattle. The fact of their being hornless does not at all go to disprove



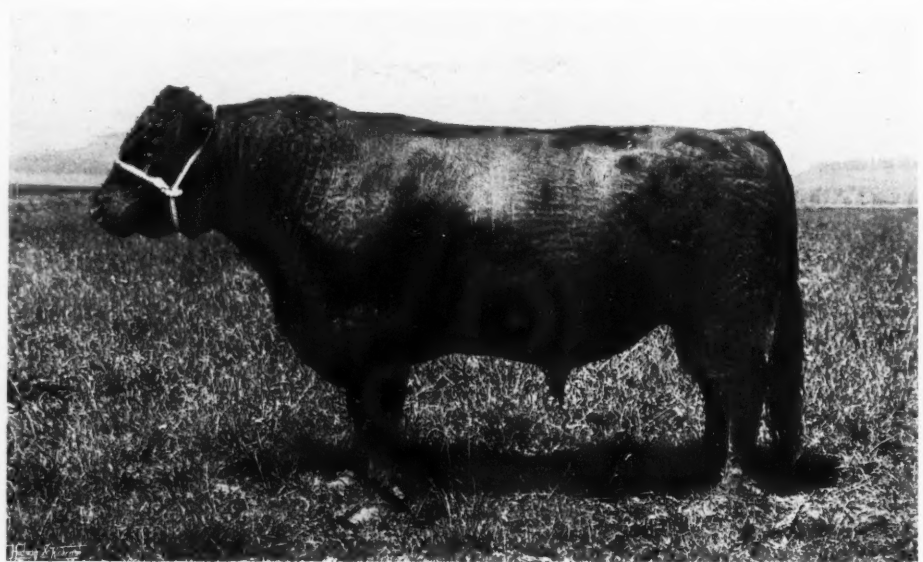
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AGNES HELEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that he never looks quite so well elsewhere as he does on his native hills, where his shaggy hide and wild head seem to fit in with the rugged scaurs and heather-grown hills. In a typical English park, with its trees and deep grass, and, generally speaking, sylvan and pastoral character, these wild-looking cattle do not, to some eyes, look as appropriate as the milder shorthorns. But, on the other hand, it is very well known that the best beef in the world is that from the Highland cattle, and, if not a very notable dairy breed, some of the cows can at least be made to answer to the requirements of a moderate household. While living, the cattle are very ornamental to the park, and when ready for the butcher they always command a good price. Thus, as against deer, they have a very good case, at least, from the business point of view, as venison is a food that, despite all the romance and poetry connected with it, is somewhat less considered now than it used to be in the olden time, when the knight, riding on his lonely way, refreshed himself with a pasty of it.

In addition to the Highland cattle, there are at Cholderton a fine herd



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JASPER

"COUNTRY LIFE."

this theory, as it is easily possible to obtain a polled variety of any horned breed. All that is necessary is to breed from the polled animal that occasionally appears in every herd; and as fashion is very powerful in cattle-breeding, as in other things, no doubt the farmers would copy one another and try their best to obtain polled cattle when these came into favour. However this may be, the Galloway has long been an established breed, and its history quite bears out the statement of Mr. Stephens, that for crossing with foreign breeds Galloways would prove invaluable, as they not only improve the constitution and the quality of a breed, but a single cross is sufficient to suppress the horns, which are so great an objection in cattle when they have to be shipped or have to travel by railway. The Galloway, it need hardly be said, is, above all, a beef-making breed, and, as far as we know, has never been to any



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LITTLE JIM AND PRINCE JAMES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mate return for their outlay. The Galloway is always in demand for foreign and colonial farmers. It is also greatly prized in Cumberland, where the celebrated blue-greys are



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AT PASTURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

considerable extent tried in the dairy. It is, however, an excellent animal for the purposes of those who like to keep pedigree stock, and at the same time wish to obtain a legiti-

obtained by crossing the Galloway and the shorthorn, the result being a double-purpose cow, that will do equally well for the dairy or for grazing. Indeed, the success attending this cross has led many breeders throughout Great Britain to try the effect of introducing Galloway blood into other breeds. The results generally have been extremely satisfactory. In obtaining a bull for this purpose a point that should be carefully regarded is his head. One of the very greatest authorities on the breed remarks that unless the head is good the animal seldom breeds satisfactorily. It ought to be short and wide, with a broad forehead and wide nostrils.



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BARONESS OF QUARLEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

FROM THE FARMS.

OUR HIGHWAYS.

THE *Agricultural Economist* is doing excellent work in the way of keeping up an agitation about our highways; but it is not laying sufficient stress on one important point. It is very true that many of the minor roads need to be broadened, and that there is much straightening to be done, even in the great highways; but it is equally important to bear in mind that the present system of road-making adopted by local authorities is most inadequate.

The road made by a steam-roller is done quickly; but that is its only merit. The approaches to many of our small country towns are most uncomfortable to drive over in any sort of vehicle, and the same might be said of many of the exits and entrances to London. To get from a modern road on to an old coaching road is one of the pleasantest changes imaginable; yet there are a number of people who pretend to be extremely well pleased with the results of quick road-making by means of a steam-roller. No doubt the immediate result is vastly better, and we do not see how rubber tyres could possibly be used on the metal which used to be laid down on the roads and left for the carts to drive in. But in the course of a week or two the steam-roller road becomes full of outrageous hollows and bumps, and, in a word, is as bad as could be imagined; as bad, for instance, as the big cobble stoned thoroughfare that are still left in some of our provincial towns. One of the most pressing needs of the hour, if road locomotion is to be made easy and comfortable, is the improvement of the steam-roller system.

THE FUTURE OF THE ROYAL.

Among agriculturists one of the most frequent topics of conversation is what is going to be done with the Royal Show. As far as we can gather the general attitude is very much as follows. There is no antipathy to the Royal Agricultural Society, but, on the contrary, a feeling that it worthily holds its place as the head of English agriculture. There is no show

even fatal, to cattle and sheep, but pigs eat them heartily and thrive on them, and they make excellent feeding for deer. The last is a fact worth the notice of farmers who have many oaks about their fields, for it may be quite possible to sell the acorns to some neighbouring owner of a deer park at a price that will do a good deal more than cover the cost of the labour expended in sweeping them up from a place where they are a danger to the farmstock. If pigs can be turned in to eat them, the labour of sweeping up is saved, and the acorns are turned without further trouble into good pork.

A NEW BREED SOCIETY.

The two societies in Wales of the North and the South Wales Black Cattle Herd-book have gone into amalgamation and formed themselves into a single society, under the name of the Welsh Black Cattle Society, and the inaugural meeting of the new society has lately been held at Carmarthen, under the presidency of Mr. R. M. Greaves of Portmadoc. After the formal dissolution of the previously existing societies Colonel Leach was elected president of the amalgamated association, with Lord Cawdor, Colonel Davies-Evans, Mr. Wynford Philipps, M.P., Mr. J. C. Yorke, Mr. Harries of Pilcoath, and Mr. J. W. Reynolds as vice-presidents. An influential committee was appointed and a representative chosen to attend the conference of various cattle-breeding societies throughout the country to be held in October at the instance of the Royal Agricultural Society. There is sufficient evidence in all this that the Black Cattle Society of Wales intends to do strenuous work in furtherance of the ends for which it has come into being.

VILLA AND COTTAGE.

There is only too much ground for the common lamentation over the flux of the rural population into the towns, which has for one at least of its consequences a lack of agricultural labour. At the same time, there is a point in the controversy which is often overlooked, namely, that in many parts of the country the want of labour is directly the result of the want of accommodation—the want of cottages. This is most especially the case in those districts where the villas are beginning to dot the hillsides. The villas produce a demand for labour for gardeners, for odd job men, and for such products of rural labour as milk, eggs, and vegetables, and in many instances the difficulty is not nearly so much to find the labourers as to house them. Possibly the villa resident requires a gardener three days a week; but he does not build a gardener's cottage, and this case is only typical of many. Over a good deal of the area of the home counties there would be abundance of labour where there is now a scarcity if there were

enough cottages, and the lack of them is sending many a family to town and suburbs.

DOGS IN HARNESS.

A traveller who has cycled some 300 miles in Holland has a good word for everything Dutch except the use of dogs in carts. He quotes some rather affecting instances of very old or sick dogs used in a certain district, and concludes that the employment of dogs for draught is a survival of barbarism. On the other hand, a Dutch gentleman, writing a courteous reply, says that the town mentioned is in a very poor district of the country, and that old dogs are used there, just as old horses are used by the poor here, and that he wishes it were not so; but that generally dogs are very well treated when worked in carts. Those who have lived in Holland will agree with the latter view. As a rule, it is the sluggish, poor-spirited animal, such as the undergrown European donkey, that is beaten and ill-treated. But the "cart" dog is a high-spirited, eager creature, which, as a rule, takes a great deal of interest in its work, and needs neither beating nor scolding. At the Hague, the dogs which bring the vegetables into market lie under their carts while the cargo is being sold. In the afternoon, when the time for going home approaches, they bark loud and excitedly, and, with their owners sitting in the carts, often race other dogs home. The carts are frequently very smart, and so is the harness. Recently the British Consul in Liège drew attention to the fact that nearly all the milk and similar commodities were distributed silently, quickly, and early in the morning by dog-carts. No one wishes to see dogs employed in draught in this country; but their use was forbidden largely in the interests of game-preserving. The presence of so many dogs upon the roads was greatly objected to by the landowners; and



K. Gregor.

SHEEP IN THE LANE.

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precisely the same as that which it holds every year. It is safe to say that no other society in the world could equal it, and regret would be deep and general if from any cause whatever it were deemed necessary to discontinue this exhibition; but, on the other hand, not much confidence is felt in the wisdom of those who are trying to pilot the vessel through the storm. One hears everywhere expressions of dissatisfaction at the composition of the Council, which might be elected on a more democratic basis. The expenses of the show, too, are very heavy, and people are asking in a mild way if economy would be inconsistent with greater efficiency. Again, the show is somewhat unduly prolonged, a criticism which applies to other exhibitions as well; yet a week does not prove too long in the case of the Bath and West of England, which, by the way, has been steadily extending its borders since the Royal ceased to be migratory. The next show is to be held at Nottingham, which can scarcely, by any system of geography, be brought into the region described by the phrase Bath and West of England. It is inevitable, however, that the question should be asked, why, if the Bath and West of England can flourish, the Royal Society of England should fall on evil times. They both have precisely the same attractions to offer the public, and, if one succeeds and the other does not, it can scarcely be unfair to lay the blame on the management.

AN ACORN YEAR.

Evidently the present autumn is to be a season of abundance of acorns, which is equivalent to saying that farmers will have to take special care of any cattle feeding in the neighbourhood of oak trees after a gale. Acorns are injurious, and are apt to be

though humanitarian reasons were also forthcoming, it was freely alleged that it was to prevent poaching that the dog-cart was made illegal. The Act was looked upon as a hardship on the poor, as they were much used by small dealers, especially fish-dealers. Most of the fish used to be taken from Grimsby for distribution in Nottinghamshire by dog-drawn carts. The "tinker's cur" was also a regular institution of the country-side. He either carried a pair of little leather panniers across his back, in which the tinker's hammers, pincers, and little anvil were placed, or drew a cart to carry them. Pedlars also used dogs in carts in the South Country where the roads were good.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LAWN GOLF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having during the last two years been introduced to, and become familiar with, a novel application of golf to a restricted space, and being able to vouch for the attraction and usefulness as practice of the innovation, I think it should not longer be kept from the outer world of country life. The game is designed to be, besides a really fascinating amusement for an odd half-hour, a means of practising approach shots, than which, as all golfers know, none are more telling in the winning or losing of a hole. For such purpose an ordinary lawn is far more suitable than for the more usual putting holes, very few lawns, though in outward appearance smooth enough, being sufficiently accurate for satisfactory putting. There are holes also in this game, but, as will be seen, these come into use in another way. A series of holes is laid out, zig-zagging as required by the shape of the ground, and of lengths suitable to the space available and the object in view. The lengths should be unequal, to give variety to the strokes. Round each hole three concentric circles are traced, the dimensions being 6ft., 18ft., and 36ft. These may be marked out with whitening as for tennis courts, or by killing the grass with some weed destroyer. Each of these circles is given a separate value, varying, of course, inversely with the size. Only one shot is played at each hole with a mashie or some other lofting iron, but to give more interest each player has two balls. One shot then is played with each ball, and each ball found within the outer circle counts 2, within the next smaller 4, and within the centre circle 8. If the ball should reach the bottom of the hole, 16 is the reward. Besides this, a concession of one point is allowed to a ball lying within a club length of the outer circle. In the course I am acquainted with (I suppose the only one in the island) there is one hole a good deal longer than the others—a good half-shot—and for this all values are doubled. Much additional interest is also given by having for the last shot of all not a series of circles, but a circular space some 8ft. in diameter, surrounded by wire-netting, low in front (18in.), with a higher back (about 4ft.). Each ball fairly pitched into this counts 16. By this arrangement interest and hope are kept up to the last, and many a poor score may be righted, and the whole complexion of the game changed at the very end. It will be seen that the scoring is not by holes, but by the total of each round. To give an idea of suitable lengths for holes, I append those of the course I am describing. First hole, 15yds.; second, 28yds.; third, 60yds.; fourth, 35yds.; and last, into wire-netting pot, 30yds. The number of holes being few, two rounds are played for each game. More holes might, of course, be added, if sufficient space is available, and bunkers can be arranged for, if desired, by utilising paths, flower-plots, etc. The system of scoring and all the general features of the game have been evolved by degrees, alterations having frequently been made as found more suitable. Although, therefore, local conditions might suggest some changes, the scoring and general methods I have described may safely be taken as a basis. I can bear testimony to the very general interest taken in the game by all I have seen introduced to it. Many come from long distances to play, and it is the experts who seem more fascinated than others. Scores are entered in a book and prizes given for the best average in a period. It has recently been calculated that the originating father of the game has this summer walked forty miles in pursuit of a record; but possibly there is something of the partiality of a parent in this. Still, I shall hope to hear through your columns that some of the enthusiasm has descended on others. It only requires a trial.—P. R. BAIRNSFATHER (LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.)

FLYING ANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have had one of the bedrooms of our house infested to-day with flying ants. This is quite an unusual occurrence with us, and I take the liberty of writing you to ask if you can tell us how best to get rid of them. The favour of a reply would much oblige.—H. E.

[Flying ants, which are the perfect males and females of the ordinary ants, are only a nuisance for a day or two in early autumn, and our correspondent is doubtless rid of them already. To prevent the recurrence of the annoyance the ants' nest from which they issued should be discovered and destroyed, or at least their way of ingress to the bedroom closed.—ED.]

A WAYFARER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The "tramp" season has set in with almost more than its normal severity. The ordinary standing, or loafing, army of regular tramps, so to call them, always is increased at this time of year by the accession of a large number of irregulars—small artisans or mechanics of the towns who "go on the road" by way of a holiday. It is a mode of holiday-taking that has its merits. The life is a free and a cheap one, and no doubt the numbers that have resorted to it for the time being are all the greater this summer in consequence of the temptation of the gorgeous weather. There is a peculiar and not altogether amiable air and expression of face belonging to the regular tramp that distinguishes his species unmistakably; and those who do not

appreciate his domiciliary visits should remember that to give to one of the fraternity is a certain means of attracting more, for they have their own signs and means of communication to show the houses at which they may expect a dole. Since the advent of the bicycle and the motor-car the able-bodied vagrant has become much less of a danger on the roads to the ordinary pedestrian, but he is not one of the factors of society that most of us wish to encourage. The mechanic or factory hand who goes on the road for his holiday generally takes with him money enough for his board, and has too much self-respect to become a mendicant.—A. C.

THE GREAT BLACK WOODPECKER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a note printed in the recently-published Transactions of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, Mr. T. Southwell solves a problem which for some time has exercised the minds of ornithologists. During the last few years it has several times been reported that great black woodpeckers have been seen in different parts of West Norfolk and West Suffolk, and more than once the persons who saw the birds were naturalists not likely to be mistaken in their identification. But that such a stay-at-home species should have migrated from its Scandinavian home seemed to those who are acquainted with its habits almost incredible. It now appears that in 1897 seven or eight great black woodpeckers were brought into Suffolk from Sweden, and after being kept for a while in an aviary were set at liberty. That these released birds were the ones which puzzled ornithologists by their presence in the fir woods of Norfolk and Suffolk there can be little doubt. A few persons were aware of their liberation, but they were requested by the introducer of the birds to keep the matter secret for three years. But while neither Norfolk nor Suffolk is able to add the great black woodpecker to its bird list, both counties seem to be justified in including in their lists a great rarity in the shape of the sooty tern, an accidental visitor from the Southern Hemisphere, of which only three examples have previously been met with in Great Britain. Curiously enough, the occurrence of the East Anglian specimen has only become known to ornithologists after a lapse of three years; but in this instance there was no intentional secrecy. The bird in question, a fine adult, was picked up dead on Santon Downham Warren by a farmer, who was content with ascertaining that it was a "sea-swallow." He had it stuffed, and it remained in his house on the warren for three years before a chance visitor noticed that it was a rarity, and made enquiries which led to his being able to identify it. The bird is now in the Castle Museum at Norwich. We have said that both Norfolk and Suffolk seem justified in adding it to their lists, because the locality in which it was found is on the Suffolk side of the Little Ouse, but in the administrative county of Norfolk.—W. A. D.

A WHITE SWALLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The question was recently asked in your correspondence columns whether a white swallow had been seen in any other part of the country besides the one named. I have to record that I was talking to two farmers in a field in Eversley village about two weeks ago, when we each of us observed a pure white swallow, feeding on flies, amongst some twenty others. We watched it for several minutes. As far as I could see at some 30yds. the bird was pure white in feather, and had no brown marking, as your correspondent mentions. Having been an observer of bird-life for twenty-five years, I have no doubt whatever as to the accuracy of this observation. I have never seen a white swallow before.—HAYDN BROWN.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent, "Mr. Smith," may I point out that birds originally acquired the power of flight by running and jumping on what were then their hind legs, using the fore legs as balancers. As the latter became developed into wings, birds acquired the power of leaving the ground and getting over obstacles and rough ground in the line of flight. Then flight was only an occasional aid to running, and the run was resumed in the same direction from the point where the flight ended. Some birds have not passed, and others have not even reached, this stage of evolution in flight. The partridge has not advanced very far beyond it, but it has acquired the power of flying as far as it needs, and then deliberately alighting. In order to alight safely on the selected spot when it is flying with a wind, it has learned to turn round and face the wind, as a yachtsman learns to "come round" to avoid disaster. But the difference is, that whereas the individual yachtsman has to learn this by instruction from others, or by his own disastrous experience—since Nature has had no hand in the evolution of yachtsmen as a natural "species"—the partridge automatically repeats the lesson learned by its ancestors, that the only way to alight safely on a selected spot when flying with the wind is to turn round, so that the momentum of flight against the force of the wind creates a momentary equilibrium, and the bird drops gently upon its feet. I think that there can be little doubt that all heavy ground birds which perform this feat have learned it in Nature's school, which has only one rule of education—that those creatures which do not acquire the right methods come to grief and disappear. This rule, enforced through ages, makes all sorts of clever tricks hereditary, until we are often almost misled to believe that wild beasts and birds have reason.—E. K. R.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The subject of the use made of the wind by birds in any department of flight is as difficult as it is interesting. Only two facts are known certainly. One is, that a stern wind adds to the rate of flight the velocity of the wind. Nothing is known as to the effects of a side wind, and it may well be that a "dead noser" has other effects on flight than mere retardance. The other fact known is that birds face the wind to rise for just the same reasons as that a man flies a kite against the wind. It would be interesting to know as a fact that birds alighting always turn to the wind. Watching the alighting of several lots of grouse which came over the butts in a high wind, we saw all of them swing half round and alight sideways to the wind.—C. J. C.



A BORDER OF FLOWERS IN FOUR MONTHS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The above photograph shows an instance of what may be done in a short time with a herbaceous border. The piece of land was taken out of a field this spring, and four months ago it looked perfectly hopeless. I thought it might encourage other people thinking of starting similar borders.—R. A. BRAITHWAITE.

THE COLORATION OF SWALLOWS

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—We are interested in Captain Coleridge's account of the swallow in COUNTRY LIFE, as last year we had one something like it here (Wickham Market). Flying, it looked pure white, but on close inspection it was seen to have a creamy tinge, while the head and under the wings were slightly brown, and the body pale blue, almost white. We were curious to see whether it would return this year, but it has not, unless in its visit to the South it has lost its distinctive colour. There is another curious bird which we see frequently here now. It is exactly like a blackbird, only larger, but its head appears to be that of a thrush.—BESSIE DOUGLAS-REID.

[The colouring of the albino swallow described by our correspondent is interesting as a case in which all parts of the plumage retained a tinge of their original colours. Thus the deep rufous forehead, cheeks, and throat of an ordinary swallow had faded to "slightly brown," the paler rufous of the under-side had sunk proportionately further to a "creamy tinge," while the glossy blue-back body was "pale blue, almost white," though probably this part was really very pale grey, and only appeared blue in natural contrast to the creamy and brownish parts adjoining. A familiar instance of optical illusion thus caused by contrast is the breast of the robin, which always strikes us as red, almost scarlet, but is really of a rather dull orange-tawny hue. The other bird mentioned would seem to be only a young blackbird. These often have curiously coloured heads, and, by another optical illusion due to difference of colour, always look bigger than their fathers.—ED.]

THE HORNE PHEASANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph represents a bird very rarely seen in this country, namely, Temminck's tragopan. There are five different species of the tragopans, or horned pheasants, but of these, I believe, only three have been imported alive to this country, of which two have certainly bred here—Temminck's and Cabot's. Both these latter are quite hardy. The habits of all the tragopans are very similar, and owing to their skulking ways they would only make poor sporting birds. When turned out into the coverts they spend hours perched on the thickest parts of trees and bushes, and if at all wild only come down at dusk to feed, and then run back. They are almost as clever as squirrels

amongst the branches, and will hide themselves for weeks together. In this country, at any rate, they lay their eggs generally in old wood-pigeons' nests at a considerable height from the ground, three eggs appearing to be a full clutch. They line the old wood-pigeon's nest with a few green leaves of the tree that they nest in. The young develop very fast, and can fly in a few days, and are very fond of hopping about the branches, like young thrushes. The birds are very beautiful, and it is a great pity that they are not more widely known, and turned into our coverts; but from the sporting point of view they would be of little or no use, and their laying so few eggs in a clutch would be against them.—OXLEY GRABHAM.

A MALFORMED ANTLER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may care to record the following instance of a curious deformity in the antler of a stag which I shot on Lord Macdonald's deer forest, Skye, on August 24th. I was out on the Red Hills to see whether any of the stags on the ground were clean, when we spied a six-pointer stag, whose right antler was in the usual erect position, while the left horn hung downwards beside his cheek, with a twist forwards, so that the brow antler covered the eye. We could see that the

beast fed with difficulty, only being able to crop the sides of grassy tussocks. This consideration, coupled with the desirability of ridding the forest of a deformed stag before the breeding season, induced me to shoot him, although the horns were still covered with the velvet. On examining the head we

found that the pendant horn was loose in the socket, so that it could move two or three inches in each direction. The ends were much worn, and had evidently bled considerably as the beast rubbed them on the ground while feeding. He was in poor condition. It naturally occurred to me first that the stag had by some accident broken the horn while still soft after sprouting in the summer. But the curious fact is that he was seen on the ground by the keeper and a stalker in the early spring before he had shed his last year's antlers. He was then an eight-pointer, and had the same malformation. He is pronounced by the keeper to be from eight to ten years of age, and he has clearly gone back in condition owing to his difficulty in feeding. When the carcase was skinned it became evident that he had been wounded, perhaps some years ago, by a solid bullet on the left side of the neck, and the wound had produced a deep hollow, and atrophied the sinews and muscles on that side of the neck. Possibly the bullet had even grazed the bone in its passage, and so affected the socket of the sprouting horn. Some of your readers may have met with a similar instance;

in any case, the malformation and its probable cause seem worth putting on record. I enclose a photograph of the beast's head, and if this could be reproduced it would make my account all the clearer to your readers.—EDWARD GRAHAM.

